

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

APRIL 1, 1957

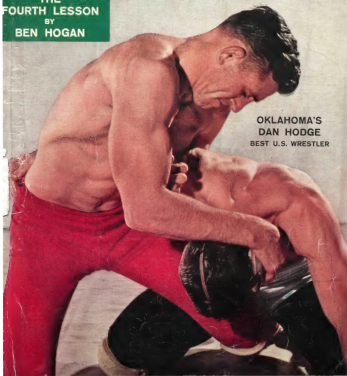
a Time Inc. weekly publication

25 CENTS

\$7.00 A YEAR

THE
FOURTH LESSON
BY
BEN HOGAN

OKLAHOMA'S
DAN HODGE
BEST U.S. WRESTLER



NOW... get the miracle strength of **GOODYEAR'S** 3-T NYLON TIRE FOR ONLY \$1³⁵ MORE!*



STRONGER ON THE INSIDE!

We made a road of jagged, biting rocks to give our 3-T Nylon tires punishment that your tires would prob-

ably never be subjected to. Over 1,000 times, these Goodyear tires made this torture run... and we didn't break one single nylon cord!



SAFER ON THE OUTSIDE!

We had two cars approach this wet intersection at 40 mph and slam on their brakes at the same time. The

car with ordinary-type-tread tires skidded past the stop sign, but our new Twin-Grip tread design stopped the other car 24% quicker.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

Watch "The Goodyear Playhouse" on TV Sunday—9-10 P.M. E.S.T.

Goodyear—pioneer of the all-nylon cord tire, creator of the exclusive 3-T Nylon process—now brings you amazingly strong and full coast 3-T Nylon Custom Super-Cushion tires at sensationally new low prices.

Drivers who want the most in tire safety and performance can now buy a Goodyear 3-T Nylon Cord tire for only pennies more than they'd pay for a tire with ordinary cord.

In probably the toughest testing a tire ever got, this Goodyear tire never had a cord broken!

That's because Goodyear's exclusive 3-T Nylon Cord is triple-tempered in a patented process involving precisely controlled Tension, Temperature and Time... for maximum strength and resiliency.

And now, you can buy the exclusive 3-T Nylon Cord tire at the lowest price ever!

What's more, with Goodyear, you get the greatest guarantee in the business—no time limit, no mileage limit, no expiration date. See your Goodyear dealer soon. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

*3-T Nylon Custom Super-Cushion, 6.0R13 size, Tube Type (Black Sidewall).



NEW 3-T NYLON CUSTOM SUPER-CUSHION

GOODYEAR

Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values...
Better tire care... satisfaction credit items.

Super-Cushion, 3-T, "The Goodyear Way" & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Memo to Advertisers

REGIONAL EDITIONS: The "Good Word" is GROWTH

"Growth," as we hope you've surmised from our recent memos, is more than ever the word for almost every phase of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Nowhere is this more true than for our regional editions.

Thanks to our gains in overall circulation, and to some redistribution of the market areas covered, we are now able to announce new rates based on 125,000 circulation in each area -- Eastern, Midwest and West Coast. These increases range from 25% to better than 100%. (For maps of these three areas, please see the back of this page.)

But the really "hot" news is the way these editions have caught on with advertisers. Last week our March 26 issue, for example, had 38 pages of regional advertising, and we already have 114% more regional advertising ordered for the first half of '57 than we actually ran during the same period last year. In fact, our regional orders for the first half are greater than we carried during the entire year 1956.

On the flap in the back of this issue, you'll find a list of the advertisers who have already ordered regional space for 1957.

I think you will agree that it is an impressive company. Many have exclusively regional markets. Many others are names you see in full-run national ads in SI -- and who also use the sections for special sectional sales objectives.

All of them, in selling the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED man and his family, are talking to the best group of consumer families ever assembled by a magazine -- East, West, Center, and all over America.

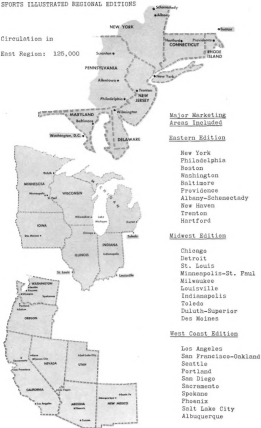


William W. Holman
Advertising Director

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED REGIONAL EDITIONS

Circulation in

East Region: 126,000



Four-color and all standard black-and-white and two-color space units available in all editions.

(Please see insert flaps in the back of this issue for names of advertisers who have already ordered regional space for 1957.)

where



meets

56
PARK AVENUE

A little dash of Paris in New York... a spanking new Renault of France showroom... created because our new 1957 Dauphine Sedan simply had to have a jewel-box setting. Do drop in soon, at the southeast corner of Park Avenue and the Champs Elysées... Park at 56th Street, to be quite factual about it.



RENAULT OF FRANCE

Direct Factory Branch

415 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y. • 70-65 QUEENS BLVD., WOODSIDE, N. Y.

In Canada: 1417 Macmillan St., Montreal 25, P. Q.



ON MAIN STREET, 100... This rear-engine Dauphine brings the Paris look to the American road... a 5-passenger sedan that gets up to 43 miles a gallon. \$1645, F.O.B., New York, sold and serviced everywhere. Write us for name of the Renault dealer nearest you.



COVER: DAN HODGE
Photograph by A. F. Green

The muscular fellow busily applying a variation of the highkick is Dan Hodge, latest pride of Oklahoma, whose unbeaten record is just slightly better than the Oklahoma football team's. For the reasons Dan Hodge is the man to beat in the NCAA wrestling championships, see page 63.

Advertisements on page 73

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TWILIGHT OF THE BUMS

A report on the elderly Brooklyn Dodgers by ROBERT CREAMER, with photographs IN COLOR and black and white

FANTASTICO IS FOR FANGIO

Spring's tough course breaks in the new Corvette, and Maserati meets the score. As told by KENNETH RUDEN

BEN HOGAN'S MODERN FUNDAMENTALS OF GOLF, PART IV

The greatest golfer of our time expands the second part of the swing

THE MASTERS IN FLUX

A preview of the three course changes golfers will face at Augusta next week. By HERBERT WARREN WIND

CARNIVAL TIME DOWN BAHAMAS WAY

Artist JAMES GORMAN captures the gay, colorful spirit of the Out Island Republic

DAN HODGE, THE WRESTLER TO BEAT

A rival with the Oklahoma strong boy who looks like the best U.S. wrestler in years. By DON PARKER

FOOTBALL: THE SPRING CROPS BEGIN TO RIPEN

Many training pictures IN COLOR, with a follow-up report on some 1955 schoolboy stars by BOOTHE HENDON

THE DEPARTMENTS

- | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|----|--|----|
| • COMING EVENTS | 6 | • Skating: Tough Willy Schanfer has his Deane skiers primed for their fourth straight NCAA title. By ROBERT ARMSTRONG | 42 |
| • EVENTS & DISCOVERIES | 28 | • Nature: A boardwalk into wilderness now opens the secrets of Florida wildlife to tourists | 46 |
| • SCOREBOARD | 48 | • Baseball: Spring training, JOHN O'REILLY discovers, is old folks, mockingbirds and memories | 54 |
| • FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR | 72 | • Basketball: North Carolina's team proves that pease porry off and wins the NCAA championship. By JEREMIAH TAYLOR | 59 |
| • THE 19TH HOLE | 78 | | |
| • PAT ON THE BACK | 79 | | |

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE:

TROUT 1957: THE WATERS AND THE FISH

On the eve of the new season, a comprehensive survey of the prospects around the U.S., compiled by Thomas H. Lineweaver

BRITAIN'S GRAND NATIONAL

At Liverpool, Whitney Tower and Photographer Mark Kauffman join to report the running of the world's most exciting jumping race

PLUS: THE FINAL LESSON OF BEN HOGAN'S MODERN FUNDAMENTALS OF GOLF: SUMMARY AND REVIEW



Sportswear ILLUSTRATED



MANUEL ANGELES, handsome professional football player in Mexico, wears Jantzen's handsome Welter Weight swim trunks, of firm textured fabric, in sun-and-water-tested colors. Sizes 38-40, \$4.95. At leading stores. Photographed in Acapulco, Mexico.

Jantzen
sportswear for sportsmen

Jantzen Inc., Portland 8, Oregon

Mr. Engineer



Spring's been a long time coming... especially if you're an outdoor man who's stuck with a job in the foul weather belt. Before you hibernate again, look around. The climates for fast career progress and for year-round sunshine aren't always poles apart. Enjoy them both at Chance Vought in Texas. Here, assignments invite professional growth, and the season's always open on outdoor sport. Write:

Mr. J. W. Larson, Asst. Chief Engineer
Department 81-1

CHANCE **VOUGHT AIRCRAFT**
ILLUSTRATION MODEL-TECH

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

IT'S TOO RARELY to have any idea about how many golfers' games are going to be brought down into the 70s this year by Ben Hogan's *Modern Fundamentals of Golf*. But from the day the first lesson appeared, it wasn't too early to be sure that an awful lot of golfers are going to put their game into Hogan's overlapping grip. The reports started coming in immediately, by letter, by phone and by word of mouth, in what is certainly the largest response *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has ever had to any published article.

Bill Beency wrote us from Rochester, N.Y., "At our house we already have 1) a nick in the ceiling, 2) a dent in the coffee table, 3) a small divot in the front hall. Perhaps there's no excuse, because the first lesson said nothing about swinging. But I hope the weather changes fast or I hate to think what will happen in snowbound Rochester homes under the urge to practice what Hogan preaches."

At the Greenwich Country Club in Connecticut, Ladies' Days will officially start on May 8. Unofficially, however, they started on Tuesday, March 12, according to testimony from two Greenwich ladies who headed for the course as soon as each had read Hogan on "The Grip." "We were not alone. The pro shop was closed, and it was anything but spring. But Ladies' Day it was, and Hogan was the reason."

One urgent request for an extra copy came from a frustrated Ivy League alumnus, who said without comment, "The pages in the Yale Club copy are torn out." This apparently won't happen in the New York offices of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc., which reports that people are locking their *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*s in their desks.

From Palm Beach, Fla. to Palm Springs, Calif. *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* sold out hours after the March 11 issue hit the stands. It was easy to see where a lot of them had gone. For instance, on the big practice tee at the Thunderbird course at Palm Springs, which accommodates 25 to 30 golfers at a time, propped-up copies of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* were almost as integral a part of the setting as the players themselves.

One Palm Springs golfer, however, was doing things differently. Said Advertising Agency Executive Jere Bayard, "It's hard to wait, but I've decided not to touch a club until I've read all five lessons." Bayard's moment will come next week, when the series ends—the beginning. *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* hopes, of many pleasant moments, not only for Bayard but for millions of other golfers.

Harry Phillips

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

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"Let's call and tell them what a good time we had!"

When you get back home from a visit with friends,
it's nice to say "Thank you" by telephone.

They'll be glad to know, too, that you got home
safely.

And in between visits, the easy, pleasant way to
keep in touch is by telephone. Why not try it tonight?

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

For example:	Station-to-Station Calls	
	First three minutes	Each added minute
Philadelphia to Washington, D.C.	45¢	15¢
Buffalo to Cleveland	55¢	15¢
Detroit to Cincinnati	65¢	20¢
Minneapolis to Chicago	80¢	20¢
Dallas to New Orleans	95¢	25¢

These rates apply every night after 6 and all day Sunday.
Add the 19% federal excise tax.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.



Pete Penn

Protects Horsepower

Keep your car's horsepower at top vigor longer. Use only a brand of Pennsylvania Motor Oil. You'll get better oil mileage and less wear on close-fitting, fast-moving parts.

In your neighborhood, a reliable dealer carries and recommends a brand of oil made from Nature's finest crude . . . Pennsylvania. It's the best oil for today's high-speed engines . . . the best way to keep the power you bought.

INSIST ON A BRAND OF

PENNSYLVANIA
Motor Oil



Pennsylvania Crude Crude Oil
Association, Oil City, Pennsylvania

COMING EVENTS

March 28 through April 7

FRIDAY, MARCH 29

Baseball
Southern Baseball Assn. Tournament, Atlanta (through March 31).

Boxing
■ Tony Lopez vs. Eli Turner, welterweights (20 rds.), Madison, Ga. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC).

Skating
ISCA Skating, Skating & Jumping Championships, State Beach, Calif. (through March 31).

Steeplechase
Grand National Steeplechase, Aintree, England.

Tennis
Pro matches, Roosevelt vs. Connors, Montreal.

Wrestling
ISCA Championships, Pittsburgh (through March 30).

SATURDAY, MARCH 30

Baseball
U.S. National Junior Championships, Wilmington, Del. (through April 1).

Baseball
■ Ronald Yelton vs. Earl West All-Star Game, Med. Sq. Garden, New York, 7:30 p.m. (SBC).

■ National Baseball Assn. playoffs, teams and odds to be determined, 7:30 p.m. (NBC).

Boxing
Basilides Dooling Cup Series, Annapolis, Md. (through March 31).

Skating
ISCA Skating Championships, Nassau (through April 6).

Steeplechase
3rd Annual Seaside and Sprint Show, Danville, Va. (through March 31).

Boxing
Tony Goffredo vs. Larry Boardman, welterweights (20 rds.), Boston.

Tennis
The Silver vs. Patrick Penn, Rye Brook, N.Y. (10 p.m.), Seaside, Va.

Fox Hunting
The Carolina Cup, Columbia, S.C.

Hockey
Stanley Cup playoffs, Montreal vs. New York, Montreal.

Horse Racing
■ Florida Derby, \$200,000, 3-yr.-olds, 9 f., Gulfstream Park, Fla., 4:30 p.m. (CBS).

■ Penn. 150, 4:30 p.m. (CBS).

■ 1st S. Grand National, \$100,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/4 m., Arcata, Pa.

Horse Show
Annual Horse Show, Aiken Polo Club, Columbia, S.C.

Shooting
London and Day Trapshoot, Houston, Calif. (through March 31).

Baseball
Raritan Gladiators vs. College All-Americans, Madison, Ga. Garden, New York.

Hockey
Stanley Cup playoffs, Boston vs. Detroit, Boston.

Polo
Wall of Fame match, Boca Raton, Fla.

Swimming
Southern Atlantic Assn. Championships, Baltimore.

MONDAY, APRIL 1

Baseball
Raritan Gladiators vs. College All-Americans, Chicago.

Boxing
■ Bob Semeroff vs. Bob Baker, heavyweight (20 rds.), Madison, Ga. Garden, New York, 10:30 p.m. (CBS).

■ George Fazio vs. Joe Kiser, heavyweight (20 rds.), New Orleans.

Horse Racing
Colonel Redwood, \$10,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 8 1/2 f., Laurel, Md.

■ Paymont Meadows, \$70,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 8 f., Belmont, N.Y.

Tennis
Pro matches, Roosevelt vs. Connors, Texas.

Swimming
Caribbean Championships, Montego Bay, Jamaica, B.W. (through April 1).

TUESDAY, APRIL 2

Baseball
Raritan Gladiators vs. College All-Americans, Cleveland.

Hockey
Stanley Cup playoffs, Boston vs. Detroit, Boston/Montreal vs. New York, Montreal.

Horse Racing
Spring Fever Stakes, \$10,000, 2-yr.-old fillies, 2 f., Gulfstream Park, Fla.

Gymnastics
Rudgers vs. Howard, New Brunswick, N.J.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3

Baseball
Raritan Gladiators vs. College All-Americans, Buffalo.

Boxing
■ Felix Sani vs. Joe Lopez, lightweight (20 rds.), Washington, D.C. (NBC).

Wrestling
National All-Star Championships, Wayneburg, Pa. (through April 6).

THURSDAY, APRIL 4

Baseball
Raritan Gladiators vs. College All-Americans, Raleigh, N.C.

Boxing
ISCA Championships, Honolulu, Idaho (through April 6).

Golf
■ The Masters Tournament, \$20,000, Augusta, Ga. (through April 7).

Hockey
Stanley Cup playoffs (if necessary), Boston vs. Detroit, Detroit/Montreal vs. New York, Montreal (also April 5 if necessary).

Swimming
National Meet, Indoor Championships, Dayton, Ohio, (through April 6).

FRIDAY, APRIL 5

Baseball
Raritan Gladiators vs. College All-Americans, Hershey, Pa.

Boxing
■ Tony Goffredo vs. Chuck Spenser, light heavyweight (10 rds.), Detroit, 10 p.m. (NBC).

Golf
■ 1st Annual Midway Amateur Golf Tournament, Florida (also Ind. through April 1).

Hockey
The Grand S.S. National Championships, Dallas (through April 10).

Skating
Western States American Legion Junior Championships, Spokane Valley, Calif. (through April 1).

Tennis
Florida State Grand Junior Championships, Daytona Beach, Fla. (through April 1).

SATURDAY, APRIL 6

Baseball
■ (Exhibition)
■ Brooklyn vs. Milwaukee Braves (NBC).

■ Cleveland vs. New York Giants, Houston, 2 30 p.m. (CBS).

Baseball
Raritan Gladiators vs. College All-Americans, Detroit.

Boxing
Service Wrestling, Wrestling Championships, Annapolis, Md. (through April 7).

Horse Show
Houston Polo, Sports & Travel Show, Houston (through April 14).

Hockey
National Men's Doubles Championships, Houston (through April 1).

Horse Racing
Bay Meadows Derby, \$50,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1 1/4 m., Bay Meadows, Calif.

■ Cherry Blossom Handicap, \$10,000, 3-yr.-old fillies (4 m.), 1 1/4 m., Laurel, Md.

■ Kentucky Derby, \$20,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/4 m., Gulfstream Park, Fla.

The Swift, \$20,000, 3-yr.-olds, 8 f., Jamaica, N.Y.

Swimming
Rushmore Indoor Speed Skating Championships, Lynn, Mass.

Swimming
■ 1st American Olympic Championships, Spokane Valley, Calif. (through April 7).

■ Howard Vase Prevision Station, Inverclyde, N.H.

Tennis
Pro matches, Roosevelt vs. Connors, Earl George, N.J.

Track & Field
Texas Relays, Austin, Texas.

Women's Indoor Meet, Cleveland.

SUNDAY, APRIL 7

Baseball
Raritan Gladiators vs. College All-Americans, St. Louis.

Golf
1st Annual Bay Stakes Golf Tournament, at Florida courses (through April 14).

Swimming
Metropolitan Indoor Speed Skating Championships, Irvington, Mass.

Tennis
U.S. Soccer Team vs. Mexico, Mexico City.

Tennis
Pro matches, Roosevelt vs. Connors, Texas, N.Y.

*See last listing.

■ TV ■ COLOR TV ■ NETWORK RADIO ALL TIMES E.S.T. EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE NOTED



Everyday bumps can weaken ordinary tires



... lead to blowout danger on the highway

Now nylon cord gives tires lasting strength, means new freedom from fear of blowouts

Nylon's shock-absorbing toughness slings off the everyday road shocks that can cause unseen damage to ordinary tire cords, lead to blowouts under the stress of highway driving. For today's heavier, more powerful cars, for the sustained speeds permitted on today's highways, nylon cord tires give you a priceless extra margin of safety. The festive, durable and protection of nylon cord tires

have been proven in billions of miles of use by truckers.

All tire companies make nylon cord tires. Whether you choose premium or standard nylon tires, they offer you greater protection than comparable tires made with ordinary cord. Look for the identification on the sidewall. Invest in nylon cord tires, because new tires—change to nylon when buying a new car.

NYLON CORD PROTECTS AGAINST THE 4 MAJOR CAUSES OF BLOWOUTS



1. BRUISE DAMAGE. Nylon's shock-absorbing strength protects against impact damage caused by hitting a bump, hole or rock.



2. MOISTURE DAMAGE. Nylon's resistance to water and acids will drastically slow the rate of wear caused by water seeping in through cracks or cuts in tires.



3. FLEX FATIGUE. Nylon's resilient, gas-tight quality holds the shape of the tire even when it doesn't even single-track a few times.



4. HEAT DAMAGE. Nylon gives heavy trucks a lot of extra heat resistance. But, for most cars, under normal loads,



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
THE DU PONT COMPANY

**The safest, strongest tires
are made with nylon cord**

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APRIL 1, 1957

TWILIGHT OF THE

The great Brooklyn Dodgers are in their declining years. As an era ends, a clown is hired and strong hints are dropped about leaving Ebbets Field. The faithful may be about to give their last hurrah

by ROBERT CREAMER

CAPTAIN PEE WEE REESE IN PAIN: THE PENNANT WAS ALMOST LOST



PEE WEE REESE stood at home plate, waiting. The Detroit pitcher on the mound was a large young man named Jim Bunning. He was very fast this sunny March afternoon and very wild.

Pee Wee waited with a quiet confidence that became a 37-year-old man who still felt 19, who was the proud father of a practically brand-new six-week-old son and who in the four times he had appeared at bat in this young exhibition season had had a walk, a single and two lovely home runs.

Bunning threw. The fast ball went directly at Pee Wee's head, and Reese fell in a lump at the plate, hit by the pitch. There wasn't a man in the press box or in the dugout or in the stands who knew Reese who didn't feel a little sick to his stomach.

Pee Wee rolled over and held himself tautly, in an odd position, stretching his body in pain as he supported himself on his toes and his left forearm. People gathered around him, and after a while Reese stood up and allowed himself to be led from the field. Dr. Harold Wendler, the Dodgers' tailor, carried Pee Wee's right arm.

"Thank God, it wasn't his head," was the first reaction among those who knew Reese. But, from the way the trainer held the arm, it looked broken, and if it was broken that could be the end of the road as a ballplayer for Pee Wee Reese and the end, too, for this year's Dodgers.

"Bunning just settled the National League pennant race," said Jack Lang of the *Long Island Press*. However, an injury or so later word came up from Dr. Wendler that it was only a bruise, a bad bruise but no more than that, on the fleshy inner part of the forearm where Pee Wee had raised it protectively in front of his face. Jack Lang was wrong then. The race was still wide open.

But, even so, Lang's comment and Reese's injury suddenly brought the status of the 1957 Brooklyn Dodgers clearly into focus. They were, indeed, as everyone has charged, as old teams, a collection of marvelous baseball players but old ones, past their prime, prone to injury, prone to ailments, losing slowly but surely to age. Carl Furillo's cranky elbow still bothered him; Carl is 35. Roy Campanella's hand, which crippled him so badly last season, was still a question; Roy is 35, too, and some say older. Sal Maglie felt fine, but Sal was past 40 on April 26 and Sal has a history of back trouble; most men of 40 with back trouble feel it strike after a half hour of cutting grass. How can a 40-year-old man with a trick back pitch 200 innings of baseball?

And Don Newenb's arm was hurting, and Carl Erskine's probably was, too, though with Carl a sore arm is as much a part of his baseball life as his glove and he tends to ignore it. Don and Carl are both past 30. Duke Snider, hit by a pitched ball, had picked up a bad bruise on his leg, and he's 30, too.

Clearly, then, this was a team of old and ailing players. And it was a team that depended on these old and ailing

BUMS

players for its strength. Lose a Reese or a Campanella or a Furillo, and where would they be?

The exhibition game went on. Bunning continued to be wild but the Dodgers had not scored against him when, with two men on base, Don Zimmer came to bat in the second inning.

Zimmer is a young man on this team, 26, and a fascinating study in courage. In 1953, when he was with St. Paul, Zimmer was batting .500 and leading the American Association in home runs and runs batted in, when he was hit in the head with a pitched ball. His skull was fractured, and he nearly died. It took him months to regain full control of his speech and his reflexes. But he did, and he returned to baseball. He moved up from the minors to the Dodgers and for three seasons has been a valued utility player for Brooklyn, though Zimmer resents the role of substitute and burns with an angry ambition to play regularly, every day. Last year, early in the season, he was struck full in the face by another pitched ball. This time he nearly lost his sight: the retina of his left eye had become detached. He was forced to lie completely immobile for several weeks while the eye slowly healed, and it was said that almost certainly his career as a baseball player was over.

ZIMMER'S DON'T FLINCH

But here he was, back again, playing for the Dodgers again, and batting now against the wild, fast right-hander. Bunning's pitch came sailing in, high, inside, right at Zimmer's head. People who knew Zimmer's history flinched, Zimmer didn't. He fell to the ground like a cat, under the pitch, safe. He popped up to his feet and moved back into the batter's box at once, his hat cocked.

"He's been beated twice, hasn't he?" a Detroit man said in the press box. He was thinking, along with everyone else, of Reese's arm and Zimmer's head and wondering how the player could possibly generate enough nerve to face the pitcher again.

"Watch him," a Brooklyn writer said. "He won't give an inch. The crazy bastard." He said these last words proudly, affectionately.

Bunning threw. Zimmer stepped into the pitch, swung and hit a three-run home run over the left field fence.

"Guts," the Detroit man said, almost to himself.

The Tigers rallied later on to bring the score to 3-2, and they loaded the bases with no one out in the eighth. In to pitch for Brooklyn came a tall, lanky Cuban named Rene Guiterrez y Valdes, who won 22 games in the Pacific Coast League last year. Valdes' nickname, he will tell you, is *Lidge*. The Whip, and he exudes confidence. "I want to pitch only against Yankees," he announced, when he fearfully reported to camp after bravely holding out for a higher salary. Why the Yankees? he was asked. "If I beat Yankees I make team," he argued, logically.

But The Whip made his debut against the Tigers instead, and the bases were loaded and no one was out. The tying



IMMEDIATELY AFTERLY SYMBOLICALLY DEBUTED ROOM, ABOUT FUTURE

run was on third base. *Lidge* pitched. The first batter fouled to the first baseman. One out. The second popped up to the infield. Two out. The third also popped to the infield. Three out. The Whip retired three more Tigers in succession in the ninth, and the Dodgers had the ball game 3-2, thanks principally to Don Zimmer and Rene Valdes.

It was only a spring training game, but suddenly the status of the Brooklyn Dodgers was out of focus again. Their great players were old, true enough, but now it appeared that it just wasn't that simple. There were some young players in the background, and their skills and energy could have a significant bearing on the success or failure this year of what almost everyone has come to think of as the old, old Dodgers.

A good part of this blanket thinking about the Dodgers as an old team stems from the sheer goodness of the key *continued*

TWILIGHT OF THE BUMS

continued

Brooklyn players, greatness that keeps young players from breaking into the lineup. No other group of stars in the long history of baseball has played together so many years so successfully as the eight-man nucleus of the modern Dodgers: Reese, Furillo, Gil Hodges, Snider, Campanella, Newcombe, Ensign and the departed Jack Robinson. Reese came to the Dodgers in 1940; Furillo in 1946; Robinson, Snider and Hodges (except for two times at bat in 1945) in 1947; Campanella and Ensign in 1948; Newcombe in 1949. A couple of them made one or two return trips to the high minors, but 1949 can be designated as the year this collection of extraordinary players became a team. In the eight seasons from 1949 through 1956, they won five pennants and tied for a sixth, lost another on the last day of the season and finished second the one other time they failed to win. And the same group was chiefly responsible, year after year, aside from pitching (where first Froscher Rose, then Joe Black, then Clem Labine and Sal Maglie made significant contributions to success), only one other player, the resourceful Junior Gilliam, has become an integral part of the Dodger lineup. Compare the Brook-

lyn starting nine in the memorable first game of the 1949 World Series against the New York Yankees (when Tommy Henrich beat Don Newcombe 1-0 on a sixth-inning home run) with that which started the memorable last game of the 1956 Series (when Yogi Berra destroyed Newcombe with two two-run home runs). Newcombe was the pitcher in 1949, Campanella the catcher. Hodges was at first base, Robinson at second, Reese at short, Snider in center, Furillo in right. In 1956 Robinson had moved to third base, but the others were all in precisely the same positions. The Yankees, who won seven pennants in the same eight years, had an almost complete overhaul in that time: six of the nine who started against Brooklyn in 1949, only Yogi Berra was in the lineup for that final game of the 1956 Series.

The point being so laboriously made is simply this: the greatness of the Dodger nucleus makes it hard to believe that the Dodgers can continue to win without them, and the rapid turnover of personnel common in baseball makes it hard to believe that the Dodger nucleus can keep going much longer. The retirement of Jackie Robinson, the greatest of all Dodger ballplayers, lends strength to this argument. The napping feeling persists that perhaps this at long last will be the year that the fabulous one-hoss shay falls apart, all at once.

But talk to Walter Alton about this. He's the fourth man to manage this extraordinary collection of players and the most successful, when you consider the declining ability of his stars and the rising ability of his opponents. Admirers of Leo Durocher, Burt Shotton and Charley Dresen may possibly object indignantly to that statement, and it is admitted that Alton may well be the weakest tactician of the lot. But as a strategist he is by far the best. Someone once explained the difference between tactics and strategy in describing Leo Durocher as a manager: "If you were in a building and it started to collapse, Leo would get you out. I don't know what he'd do, but he'd think of something, and you'd get out. That's tactics, and that's Leo. But someone else would have seen to it beforehand that the damn building was safe."

And that's strategy, and that's Alton. Durocher seldom thought past today's game. Alton is almost irritating in his consideration of the future. One of the standard jokes lines of Brooklyn baseball writers is, "He'll have to wait and see about that," which is Alton's stock reply to most questions seeking his opinion. Alton doesn't pop off. Ask him, for instance, if he thinks the Dodgers will miss Robinson this year. It's a ticklish question in the first place because the fiery, outspoken Robinson was a constant burr on Alton's hide.

"I can't say yet," Alton replies. "Have to wait and see how the player who takes his place will do."

Press him a little further. "Hell," he says, "any team would miss a competitor like Robinson. He was a great player. But Charley Neal [a young infielder] had a better batting average than Robinson last year, Randy Jackson [Robinson's alternate at third base] hit about the same, and he batted in more runs."

Talk to Alton about the other old players, about the possibility of one or two or several of them breaking down this year. "There's always that chance, but I don't see any

(not continued on page 18)

OLD AGE AND DEPRECIATION

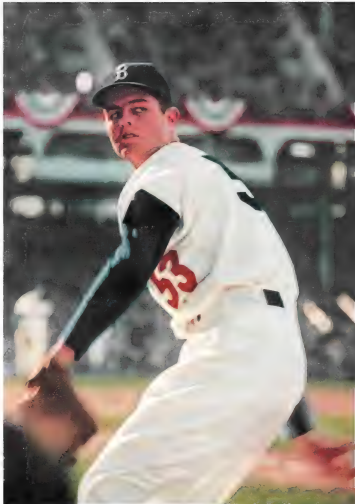
The Brooklyn Dodgers were the oldest team in the majors when they won the pennant last year. Calculating the ages of the starting nine (pitcher included) on September 30, 1956, the Dodgers sported an average five years, per man, in the second-place Braves and third-place Red Sox and more than seven years per man to the rich Pittsburgh Pirates. Only other club to average over 30 years per man was the Chicago White Sox. Average age of the 125 major-league starters—27.8.

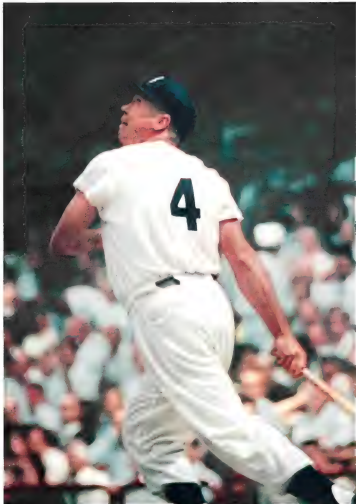
TEAM	TOTAL AGE OF STARTING NINE	AVERAGE AGE
Brooklyn Dodgers	214	31.8
Chicago White Sox	214	30.6
Boston Red Sox	208	29.7
Cleveland Indians	206	29.5
Philadelphia Phillies	208	28.5
Baltimore Orioles	220	27.9
Kansas City Athletics	222	27.7
Chicago Cubs	220	27.6
New York Yankees	220	27.5
St. Louis Cardinals	218	27.2
Detroit Tigers	217	27.1
Washington Senators	217	27.1
Milwaukee Braves	216	27
Cincinnati Reds	212	26.5
New York Giants	211	26.3
Pittsburgh Pirates	196	24.5

Linked inseparably with old age is insurance. Baseball men can only speculate how much the Dodgers have shored down in recent years, but Mutual of Omaha ran tell you. Last year the value of the National League champions had depreciated, they said, scarcely 40% since 1950. The Dodgers regulars were insured at \$180,000 apiece, compared to \$295,000 three years ago. (Incidentally, Mutual of Omaha took a jaundiced view of managers who would cause worry as an unfair general to matter. "I knew it," insurance value of Dodger Manager Walter Alton: \$0.1 This year they are the Flying Dodgers; a blanket policy of \$2,500,000 will cover the whole. Conceivably of players on each trip, averaging \$132,000 a man.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GABRIEL WATSON/REDA

YOUTH OF THE DODGERS is mostly on the bench and the pitching staff. Talented Don Drysdale (opposite) is only 23, but he started 12 games last season, defeated the Giants four times.





TWILIGHT OF THE BUMS

(continued from page 10)

sign of it yet. And I don't think the whole bunch is going to break down at once."

But the possibility is there, and Alton knows it, and so he is constantly working his young players in and out of the lineup. Don Demeter, a 21-year-old string bean of a center fielder who hit 41 home runs for Fort Worth last year; Jim Gentile, a 22-year-old first baseman, who hit 40 homers as Demeter's teammate; John Bombard, a left-handed hitting catcher who is not yet on the Dodger roster but who hits sharply, throws well, runs fast and, all in all, looks like a fine baseball player. Alton has been using Neal and Chico Fernandez at second and short. And Zimmer, of course, and others.

All this is an attempt to reinforce the dike, to buy insurance. The Dodgers have had, for the past decade, brilliant fielding and powerful hitting. Lately, both have become just a little frayed.

PITCHERS AND HITTERS

Last year Alton insisted he wasn't worried about his hitting. "We'll get enough runs," he said at that time. "I'm not worried about that. I'm worried about my pitching." A year ago Johnny Podres had just been drafted, Billy Loos had a sore arm and so did Karl Spooner, and Don Bennett had been operated on for an abdominal obstruction. "That's four pretty good pitchers we didn't have," Alton said the other day. "But it turned out the pitching came through better than we ever expected. Newcombe won 27, and we got Sal Maglie. Roger Craig was very good the first part, and Enckine was good. The bullpen was strong; Labine was very valuable in relief, and so was Bennett when he came back. Drysdale did pretty good. The pitching won for us. But the hitting didn't get us enough runs, except the last 10 days of the season. That was the only time all year we had a sustained attack. It carried through the first two games of the Series, and then it stopped cold."

He made a wry face, remembering that the Dodgers scored a total of six runs in the last five games of the Series after scoring 19 in the first two.

"This year now we're not worried about our pitching. I don't know if Newcombe and Maglie will win 48 games between them again, but you have to expect them to do pretty well, and we have Podres back. We have Enckine and Craig, and they're reliable pitchers. We have a very good bullpen, with Labine and Bennett. And Ed Roebuck. Young fellows like Sandy Koussal and Spooner and Fred Kipp can help us. They're all lefties, like Podres. Did you know we didn't throw a left-handed pitch against the Yankees in the Series last year? We can use lefties. Koussal and Spooner have been throwing hard. Koussal has very good stuff; all he ever needed was control, and now he seems to have it. Everyone knows how hard Spooner can throw when he's right. Spooner struck out 27 men in pitching two consecutive shutouts when he made his major league debut in 1954, and then pitched well in the latter part of 1955 before hurting his arm. Now and then he looks all right again. Kipp looked awfully good in Japan on that trip we took after the Series. And I'm very high on young



DOGBALL SAL MAGLIE, AT 41 CAN YET STILL PITCH FOUR OR FIVE INCHES

Drysdale; he could be one of our big pitchers. You can't be sure, of course, but it could turn out we might have a hell of a pitching staff. We better have, because I'm worried about that hitting."

The pendulum has swung, then, over the years. Where once the Dodgers were accepted as a team of power hitters and great fielders who made up for a mediocre pitching staff, now the once-great team is carried by its pitchers.

Baseball men have an almost reverent respect for good pitchers, and the Dodgers' chief rivals for the pennant—the Milwaukee Braves and the Cincinnati Redlegs—always praise Brooklyn's pitching staff. But pitching is a delicate thing. The odds that say there's a chance that Kipp and Spooner and Koussal and Drysdale will blossom into full-fledged major leaguers are no better than those that say Newcombe's arm will stay sore or that Maglie's age will trip him up or that Podres and Enckine and Craig will fail.

The Dodgers are a fragile team in their twilight years, and if they manage to hang on to win the pennant one more time it will be a signal tribute to their lingering greatness and to the skill of their unpraised manager in utilizing his Zimmer and Kippas and Edgins. And it may well be their last hurrah.

Be sure to see them play this year if you can, because the fabulous Burns of Brooklyn won't be the same much longer. For one thing, they may be moving cross-country to Los Angeles. For another, Jackie's gone and the rest of the old gang can't be too far behind.

CHAS

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN H. SCHNEIDER

AGE OF THE DOGBERS is evident in graying hair of Duke Snider, at 30 the youngest of the "old" Brooklyn regulars. Snigger Snider has averaged 34 homers a year for past eight seasons.



HIGH-BRAND NEW CORVETTE IN THE FRONT POSITION: DRIVER JOHN FITCH LEAPS HURRIEDLY INTO THE COCKPIT IN TRADITIONAL MAREY TYPE

FANTASTICO is for

FOR ONE glorious day it seemed that a storybook race was in the making, but instead, the seventh and most momentous Sebring 12-hours yet was a lesson straight from the textbook: the fastest and soundest car with the most skillful drivers will win, barring bad racing luck.

Nothing resembling ill luck troubled the world champion driver, Juan Manuel Fangio, and his accomplished teammate, Jean Behra, in their pursuit of victory in a Maserati that could run away from any car on the course. They dominated the race completely from the moment Behra took the lead on the 19th lap until the end. If that weren't lesson enough, the driver second only to Fangio in ability, Britain's

Stirling Moss, placed second with the considerable help of Co-driver Harry Schell.

Yet look what had happened before the Maseratis and their accomplished drivers proved that automobile racing does not normally lead itself to the fairy tale ending.

Chevrolet brought Detroit's first all-out sports racing car (SL, March 25) to the taxing course at Sebring, Fla. and created a sensation, as the first day of practice, the scope of which would be difficult to exaggerate. Its new racer, the Corvette Super Sport, had been in the making for only five months and had been assembled in reasonably final form for little more than a week. Its shakedown trial would have to be

in the race itself, for there was not enough time to practice to explore all the unknowns.

Besides the elegant metallic-blue car which was to represent Chevrolet—and the United States—at Sebring, there was an ugly duckling of a practice car. True, it had substantially the same inside as the blue car, but its grimy, white plastic body with a gaping hole in the hood and another behind the cockpit looked shabby beside the glittering magnesium sheath of its patrician stablemate. Its engine had the cast-iron cylinder heads of a standard Corvette, not the lightweight aluminum heads which Designer Zora Arkus-Duntov had devised to produce 30 more horsepower in the finished SS. In



STANDING START WITH THE ENGINES OFF



WINNERS FANGIO AND BILLIE WAVE TO THE CROWD IN ORANGE BEACHES. CELEBRATE THEIR AGAIN

FANGIO

fact, it wasn't long before everyone was calling the white practice Corvette "The Mule."

When John F. Fangio, the No. 1 Corvette driver, piloted lap timer on The Mule that were within a few seconds of last year's record (4 minutes 29.5 seconds) on a 1.5-mile circuit which had been narrowed at spots and therefore was considered some three seconds slower than last year's layout, the Corvette pit was jammed with spectators.

Before the gardens had stopped rubbing their eyes, Fangio had climbed over to take a ride in The Mule himself. He turned the first two laps in new course-record times, plus a third in a staggering 5:27.

The seeds of the storybook tale were

A success for an old master and a failure full of hope marked the running of Sebring's 12-hour Grand Prix. Although it was Fangio who won, Detroit made the news

by KENNETH RUDEEN

then sown—a Detroit sports car, of all things, traveling south at lap speeds that would make it one of the major contenders in a world championship race.

"Fantastic," said Fangio. "I could have gone two seconds faster if I had tried."

"It's emotional," said Danton, "that the car should go so fast when it is so new." Having made this disclosure, he smiled broadly, and looked as though he could have danced for joy.

He was modestly encouraged by the word that the only car worth a gold medal that day was Fangio's 1.5-liter Maserati—3:25.2. This was certainly meant to test more than any other because its four-cylinder V-8 engine

succeded to develop a prodigious 100 hp. Its acceleration was phenomenal, and it had lapped the field in the season's first championship race, in August, before retiring with a broken clutch pin. That was the 4.5's first race and it, too, apparently had needed some shaking down. Not so well understood was the report that Britain's Mike Hawthorn had taken the most promising 11 August entry—the one with the new 3.8-liter engine and fuel injection—around the course in 3:24.

Danton's smile was short-lived; there were problems without number at the longer race Sebring's airport race course which Chevrolet now monopolized. Fangio declined an offer to drive

(continued on page 51)

THE SECOND PART

of the SWING

by BEN HOGAN

with HERBERT WARREN WIND and drawings by ANTHONY RAVIELLI

ONE of the greatest pleasures is golf—I can think of nothing that truly compares with it unless it is watching a well-played shot streak for the flag—is the sensation a golfer experiences at the instant he contacts the ball flush and correctly. He always knows when he does, for then and only then does a distinctive "sweet feeling" sweep straight up the shaft from the clubhead and surge through his arms and his whole frame. Not even the best golfer can hit the ball this well on every shot, for golf, in essence, is a game of misses. Every seasoned, sensible golfer knows this, and, accordingly, he tries to build a swing that is so basically sound that his "misses" are, in truth, not bad golf shots at all—fairly well struck, accurate enough, eminently serviceable.

In this chapter we will be taking up the phase of the swing in which the player actually hits the ball. This second section of the swing—from the start of the downswing to the finish of the follow-through—is the most crucial part, necessarily. This is where everything a player does from the moment he takes his club from the bag either pays off or doesn't. Since, in the method we are teaching, each action is the direct result of preceding actions in the chain-action sequence of the swing, it strikes me that it would be extremely profitable, before tackling the downswing, to review briefly the plane of the backswing. As we brought out last week, staying on his plane as he swings back is a golfer's best insurance of being in a correct and powerful position at that critical juncture where his backswing ends and the downswing begins.

As he addresses the ball, the golfer creates the angle of the plane of his backswing: the plane inclines along this imaginary line running from the ball to the top of his shoulders and on upward at that established angle of inclination. If a golfer rotates his shoulders on this plane and swings his arms and club back on this plane—neither dropping them below the plane nor, what is much more disastrous, lifting them above the plane—then at the top of his backswing his left arm will be extended at an angle to the ball identical with the angle of the plane. In terms of functioning, which is more to our point, the shoulders, arms and hands will then be in a perfect position to carry

out their interrelated movements on the downswing.

Learning to think in terms of this plane has helped tremendously to improve and stabilize the swings of many friends of mine. Like no other visual suggestion, it seems to induce a golfer to make the correct backswinging movements **TIME AFTER TIME**. He folds the right elbow in, just as he should; his left arm is fully extended but not rigid, just as it should be; he completes his full shoulder turn; his hands cock themselves naturally, without any conscious effort, and the back of his left hand is an unbroken extension of the line of his left wrist and forearm. Not only are his arms and the upper part of his body correctly aligned throughout the backswing, but these various component parts tend to be poised **TIME AFTER TIME** with the proper degree of live, stretched muscular tension ready to be released on the downswing.

When I am studying and evaluating a golfer's swing, I always make it a point to check how well he adheres to *his plane* on the backswing. Standing several yards behind him and facing down his line of flight, I slant my forearm and hand (with the fingers extended and joined as in a salute) along the angle of his plane. As he swings back, I can then observe whether or not he stays on the plane throughout his backswing. If he doesn't, then I know that this golfer's swing is not soundly constructed and will not be able to repeat under pressure.

On the downswing, a golfer swings on a slightly different plane than on the backswing. **THE PLANE FOR THE DOWNSWING IS LESS STEERILY INCLINED AND IS ORIENTED WITH THE BALL QUITE DIFFERENTLY FROM THE BACKSWING PLANE.** The golfer gets on this second plane—without thinking he is changing planes—when he turns his hips back to the left at the start of the downswing. This moves his body to the left and automatically lowers the right shoulder. You will remember last week that, in introducing the backswing plane, we suggested that the golfer-reader imagine that at address his head is sticking out through a hole in an immense pane of glass that rests on his shoulders as it slants up from the ball. Now, on the downswing, as the body

continued



The downswing is initiated by turning the hips to the left. The shoulders, arms and hands—in that order—then release their power. The great speed developed in this chain action carries the golfer all the way around to the finish of his follow-through

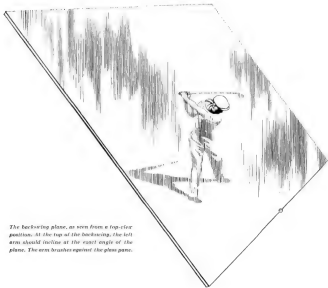
A. Rawlings

moves to the left and the right shoulder is automatically lowered, this causes the pane of glass to be shifted into a different position. Its lateral axis is no longer in line with the line of flight. It points slightly to the right of the target. (The pane is also tilted so that the leading edge is raised off the ground.) **WHEN THE GOLFER IS ON THIS CORRECT DOWNSWING PLANE, HE HAS TO HIT FROM THE INSIDE OUT.** When he hits from the inside out, he can get maximum strength into his swing and obtain maximum clubhead speed. Moreover, he has no need to compensate in any way or at any stage of his swing. (Not to get ahead of the story, but if a golfer starts his downswing incorrectly with his shoulders or

hands and not with his hips, he cannot get onto the proper plane or hit from the inside out. However, if he starts down correctly by turning his hips, he's all set. He's got to hit from the inside out. He's practically the "captive" of his own good swing.)

While it is dynamically important for a golfer not to depart from his plane at any time during the second part of his swing, being consciously attentive to it does not help him the way a consciousness of his backswing plane promotes a fine, functional backswing. Consequently, my advice would be to know that this downswing plane exists and have it at the back of your mind but to concentrate chiefly on making the one or two key movements which will really do something for you on the downswing.

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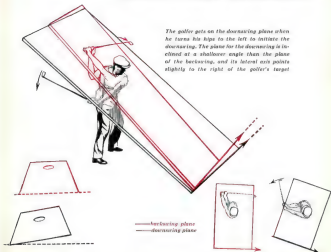


The backswing plane, as seen from a top-view position. At the top of the backswing, the left arm should incline at the exact angle of the plane. The arm brushes against the glass pane.

To check if a golfer remains on his plane during his backswing, I stand behind him (facing down his line of flight) and stand my forearms and hand along the line of what would be his correct plane. When he swings back, I can then observe whether he stays on his plane, drops below it or lifts his arms above the plane



The golfer gets on the descending plane when he turns his hips to the left to initiate the downswing. The plane for the downswing is inclined at a shallower angle than the plane of the backswing, and its lateral axis points slightly to the right of the golfer's target



THE HIPS INITIATE THE DOWNSWING. They are the pivotal element in the chain action. Starting them first and moving them correctly—this one action practically makes the downswing. It creates early speed. It transfers the weight from the right foot to the left foot. It takes the hips out of the way and gives your arms plenty of room to pass. It transfers your torso forward toward your objective. It puts you in a strong hitting position where the big muscles in the back and the muscles in the shoulders, arms and hands are properly delayed so that they can produce their maximum performance at the right time and place.

To begin the downswing, TURN YOUR HIPS BACK TO THE LEFT. THERE MUST BE ENOUGH LATERAL MOTION FORWARD TO TRANSFER THE WEIGHT TO THE LEFT FOOT. The path the hips take on the downswing must be the exact same path they traveled as they were turned on the backswing. On the downswing, their "arc" should be a trifle wider—both as regards the amount of lateral motion and the amount of eventual rotation around to the rear.

This turning of the hips is activated by several sets of muscles which work together. THE CONTRACTED MUSCLES OF THE LEFT HIP AND THE MUSCLES ALONG THE INSIDE OF THE LEFT THIGH START TO SPIN THE LEFT HIP AROUND TO THE LEFT. AT ONE AND THE SAME TIME, THE MUSCLES OF THE RIGHT HIP AND THE MUSCLES OF THE RIGHT THIGH—BOTH THE INSIDE AND THE POWERFUL OUTSIDE THIGH MUSCLES—START TO MOVE THE RIGHT HIP FORWARD. In order for them to do this work, these muscles must be stretched first with tension that is just waiting for the golfer's signal to be released. This tension is built up on the backswing by rotating the hips but rotating the shoulders fully around. If you permit the hips to turn too much on the backswing, this tension and tension are lost and then there's nothing to start them forward. IMAGINE THAT, AT ADDRESS, ONE END OF AN ELASTIC STRIP IS FASTENED TO A WALL DIRECTLY BEHIND YOUR LEFT HIP AND THAT THE OTHER END IS FASTENED TO YOUR LEFT HIPBONE AS THE SHOULDERS TURN THE HIPS ON THE BACKSWING. THE ELASTIC IS STRETCHED WITH INCREASED TENSION. WHEN YOU START TURNING THE HIPS TO THE LEFT, THE ELASTIC WILL SNAP BACK TO THE LEFT WITH YREMNIOUS SPEED. Same thing with the hips. The greater the tension, the faster you can move them. The faster the hips move, the better. They can't go too fast.



The movement of the hips inaugurates a whole chain of actions. Tied in with the hips, the left leg begins to break back to the left and the left knee turns a bit toward the target. Starting the hips back also takes the pressure off the right leg, and as this happens, the weight shifts to the left leg. The right knee breaks in, definitely, toward the target, boosting the mounting velocity of the swing. Yes, in, in truth, what each element does as it joins in the downswing: IT ADDS ITS CONTRIBUTION TO THE MULTIPLYING SPEED GENERATED BY THIS COHESIVE MOVEMENT OF THE BODY, LEGS AND ARMS TOWARD THE TARGET. THIS SPEED MULTIPLIES THE GOLFER'S POWER 10 TIMES OVER. IN THE CHAIN ACTION OF THE SWING, THE SHOULDERS AND UPPER PART OF THE BODY CONDUCT THIS MULTIPLYING POWER INTO THE ARMS... THE ARMS MULTIPLY IT AGAIN AND PASS IT ON TO THE HANDS... THE HANDS MULTIPLY IT IN TURN... AND, AS A RESULT, THE CLUBHEAD IS SIMPLY TEARING THROUGH THE AIR AT AN INCREDIBLE SPEED AS IT DRIVES THROUGH THE BALL. ALL THIS HAPPENS SO QUICKLY, OF COURSE, THAT YOU CAN'T SEE IT TO APPRECIATE IT. BUT THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS.

The surest way to wreck this remarkable machinery is to start the downswing with the hands instead of with the hips. Nearly all poor players do. By starting down with the hands, they kill their chance for a good shot then and there. They check the rotation of the hips, and if a golfer stops his hip rotation, he's bound to force the whole upper part of his body way outside the proper line. Committed then to bringing the club into the ball from the outside in, he almost invariably slices his shot, for his club has to cut across the proper line. If he doesn't slice, he pulls his shot far to the left as he struggles to offset his usual error. If the average golfer will only start his downswing with his hips, what a world of difference this will make in his swing and his shots, not to mention his score!

Initiating the downswing with the hips has such vital importance that many top-rank golfers, seeing that their timing will be better accommodated, start to turn their hips to the left a fraction of a second before the club reaches the top of the backswing. There's nothing wrong with this. It amounts to a permissible personal modification and it underlines, if anything, the salient fact that under no condition should the downswing be inaugurated by the hands. Let me put this even more strongly: THE MAIN THING FOR THE NOVICE OR THE AVERAGE GOLFER IS TO KEEP ANY CONSIDERABLE HAND ACTION OUT OF HIS SWING. THE CORRECT SWING IS FOUND ON CHAIN ACTION, AND IF YOU USE THE HANDS WHEN YOU SHOULDN'T, YOU PREVENT THIS CHAIN ACTION.

What of the hands? The answer is they do nothing earlier until after the arms have moved on the downswing to a position just above the level of the hips. The arms don't propel the motion themselves. They are carried down by the movement of the hips. To understand just how the hands and arms get this "free ride," pick up a club, swing it back, and hold your position at the top of the backswing. Now, forgetting about your hands and arms entirely, start to move your hips back to the left, in comparative slow motion. Now look where your hands are. This movement of the hips has automatically carried them down from the top—quite a good ways down, in fact, so that they are just about at hip level. In this po-

sition, tied in as they are with the body's ever-building speed and power, the arms and hands should feel absolutely loaded with power. Everything you did from the grip on was calculated to get you into this position. You cannot simulate this position or arrive at it by leaving out one of the integrated steps. Only if they have carried out the fundamental movements will the correct parts of the body be correctly interposed at this critical time in the swing to pick up this terrific load of energy and deliver it.

continued



When he has inaugurated his downswing by turning his hips, a golfer suddenly becomes aware of his tremendous stored-up power



The turning of the hips inaugurates the downswing. This movement of the hips automatically lowers the arms and hands to a position just above hip level



AFTER YOU HAVE INITIATED THE DOWN-SWING WITH THE HIPS, YOU WANT TO THINK OF ONLY ONE THING: HITTING THE BALL. On a full drive, I try to hit the ball hard, sometimes as hard as I can. On other shots where the premium on distance is not so high, I try to hit the ball as hard as the particular shot warrants. I don't give as much as a passing thought to how the face of my club will contact the ball. That's all been taken care of before, at address and during the waggle. Constantly trying to control the face of the club at impact is folly. You cannot time such a delicate and devilish thing. It happens too fast, much too fast.

As I explain to my audiences at golf clinics, the correct hitting motion is one unbroken thrust from the beginning of the downswing to the end of the follow-through. I point out also that I think of only two things: starting the hips back and then hitting just as hard as I can with the upper part of my body, my arms and my hands, in that order. When I expound this one-piece hit-through action, I generally experience two main types of reactions from the members of a clinic audience. The first is a kind of polite skepticism which might be put less words like this: "I bet there's more to it. Nothing could be that simple." There has to be more conscious technique at impact. That's the inside dope which the pros never tell us outsiders." The second type of reaction is sort of a misguided cynicism which might go something like this: "Sure, if you're a pro and have practically eaten your lunch on the practice tee for 20 years, then, maybe, everything has become so second nature that you don't have to think of anything but hitting through with all your beef. Hogan's explanation of what he does is O.K. for Hogan, but it will probably do us average golfers as much good as if Bob Fitzsimmons were to tell us that pole-vaulting is really nothing at all—once you have pushed off from your pole and are 14 feet or so in the air, all you have to do is to roll over the bar, neatly." I can understand these reactions but they are simply not accurate reflections of the facts. I would not be undertaking this series, for example, if I were not genuinely convinced that the average golfer has the requisite physical ability to use the same methods fundamentally that all the top golfers use. The average golfer's problem is not so much a lack of ability as it is a lack of knowing what he should do.

Once a player reaches that phase of the downswing where his hands are at about the level of his hips—the start of the impact segment of the swing, we might term it—if he has performed the swing correctly up to that point, he is so set up that he instinctively hits through the ball and follows through correctly. You can't keep from doing it right. It helps a golfer, nonetheless, to have a clear idea of what the arms and the hands actually do during this climactic part of the swing. Then he can practice these movements, and if he practices them intelligently, he is certain to improve his skill in executing them.

Let us first study the correct motion of the right arm and hand in the impact area. It has always seemed to me that, in its general character, this motion is quite similar to the one an athlete makes when he throws a ball underhand, half sidearm to first after scooping up a ground ball. As he swings his arm forward, his right elbow is very close to his right hip. The elbow "leads" the arm—it is the part of the arm nearest the target as he begins to make the throw. The forearm and hand catch up with the elbow, and the player's arm is extended relatively straight

when he releases the ball. As he follows through, the wrist and hand gradually turn over, and the palm faces the ground at the finish of his follow-through.

On a full shot you want to hit the ball as hard as you can with your right hand. But this is only half the story. **HIT THE BALL AS HARD AS YOU CAN WITH BOTH HANDS.** The left is a power hand, too. If you hit hard with only the right and let the left go to sleep, you will not only lose much valuable power, you also will run into all the errors that result when the right hand overpowers the left. **YOU MUST HIT AS HARD WITH THE LEFT AS WITH THE RIGHT.**

What is the correct integrated motion the two arms and hands make as they approach the ball and hit through it? What does it feel like as it is happening? Well, if there is any motion in sports which it resembles, it is the old two-handed basketball pass, from the right side of the body. As the player enters the impact area and the hands start to pass the right hip, it is almost as if his hands were holding a ball as they move toward the target, the left arm and hand leading, the right arm and hand following—positioned just the way they are on the shaft. The ball is about the size of the two hands. It is a heavy ball, heavy in the way a small-sized medicine ball would be. It takes muscle to throw a hand, straight ahead of the player, maybe four or five yards ahead down his line of flight, stands a fairly large target. The center of the target is about the same height from the ground as the player's belt buckle. As he shifts his weight from his right foot to his left to get all his power into his throw, the player flings the ball at the target just as hard as he can, whipping the ball with both arms and both hands, since he can throw it harder and more accurately that way. He wants that ball to travel on a line and smash into the center of the target so emphatically that it will knock the bull's-eye right off it. (The forcefulness of this effort carries the player all the way round in his follow-through.)

continued

is the old two-hand basketball pass, the left arm and hand lead the right arm and hand. We are now hit through with the left as hard as with the right





In its general character, the correct motion of the right arm and hand in the impact area resembles the motion an infielder makes when he throws ball sideways, half underhand to first after holding a ground ball. As the right arm swings forward, the right elbow is very close to the right hip and "leads" the arm—it is the part of the arm nearest target.



The great value, as I see it, of thinking in terms of this joint two-hand action is that it keeps the left hand driving all the time. During this climactic part of the swing, the left wrist and the back of the left hand begin to supinate very slightly—that is, to turn from a position where the palm is down to a position where the palm is up. They continue to supinate throughout the rest of the swing. The sequence drawings below will describe the exact nature of this gradual supination much more clearly than words can.

In the sequence below, there is one position of such signal importance that it warrants closeup study. This

is the position of the left wrist and hand at the actual moment of impact.

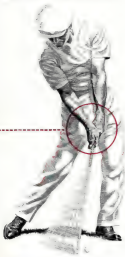
AT IMPACT THE BACK OF THE LEFT HAND FACES TOWARD YOUR TARGET. THE WRISTBONE IS DEFINITELY RAISED. IT POINTS TO THE TARGET AND, AT THE MOMENT THE BALL IS CONTACTED, IT IS OUT IN FRONT, NEARER TO THE TARGET THAN ANY PART OF THE HAND. When the left wrist is in this position, the left hand will not check or interrupt the speed with which your club-head is traveling. There's no danger either that the right hand will overpower the left and twist the club over. It can't. As far as applying power goes, I wish that I had three right hands!



The left wrist begins to supinate at impact. The raised wristbone points to the target.



By pronating his left wrist just before impact, a golfer expends his clubhead speed before he strikes the ball, restricts the arc of his swing, opens himself to making numerous other errors



Every good golfer has his left wrist in this supinating position at impact. Every poor golfer does the exact reverse. As his club comes into the ball, he starts to pronate the left wrist—to turn it so that the palm will be facing down.

When a golfer's left wrist begins to pronate just before impact, it changes his arc: it shortens it drastically and makes the pitch of his upswing altogether too steep and constricted. At the very point in the swing in which he should be increasing the speed of his hands, by pronating he slows them down. Instead of accelerating and picking up speed on the way down and having great speed at impact, he has expended all his speed before he hits the ball. Letting the left wrist and hand pronate brings on a multitude of other things, none of them good. By changing his arc and plane, for example, the poor player frequently catches the ball too low on the blade and skulls it, or he hits back of the ball. If the face of the club is open, he gets a big scoop slice. If it's closed, he pulls as well as hooks—the ball never starts on its intended line. By pronating, in short, he never has a chance to get that "sweet feeling". It's just impossible.

The downswing arc of the golfer who pronates practically retraces the pattern of his backswing arc, and the downswing should not be a retracing of the backswing. Supinating, on the other hand, sets up a number of extremely desirable actions. It helps the player to develop a properly wide forward arc. It puts him in a position where his arms are well extended at impact and will be fully extended just after impact as they swing out toward his objective. The wider his arc, the more room he has in which to build up clubhead speed, the prime factor behind distance.



correct arc



incorrect arc

Supination builds distance and accuracy in other ways. For one thing, it helps you to strike the ball absolutely clean, before the club takes turf. (This is why when you see a good pro hit a ball, there is a real sweet crack at contact and the ball takes off like a bullet. If you first contact the ball right, then almost automatically you'll take turf right, past the ball.) Second, since this slight

continued

THE CLIMAX OF THE SWING



On the downswing the correct order of movement is hips, shoulders, arms and hands. As each component part enters the

BEN HOGAN *continues*

supination action places the hands a shade ahead of the clubhead at impact, some loft is subtracted from the face of the club. (That's why you marvel at the distance top-notch players can hit the ball. They actually turn a five-iron into a four-iron. The pronating golfer does just the opposite. He increases the loft of his blade. He makes a seven-iron out of a five-iron.)

Every good golfer supinates his left wrist. It is a "must." Of all the players I've seen, Jimmy Demaret undoubtedly emphasizes this action the most. You can't supinate the left wrist more purposefully than Jimmy does. When you watch Demaret, you get the feeling that he is really lobbing the ball with the back of his left hand. It goes a long way to explain Jimmy's longevity as a first-class player, not to mention his ability to play the ball low and control it under very windy conditions that blow other men all over the course. This supination action, it should be added, also enables you to get maximum grip, maximum backspin on the ball. It is the explanation behind the most amazing shot in the modern pro's repertoire: the low-flying wedge that looks like it was skulled but which bites immediately when it hits the green and then spins itself out close to where it landed.

When you are playing chips, pitches, trap shots and other strokes near and around the green, the hands should function the same as they do on a full swing. With the obvious exception of the explosion trap shot, remember that you contact the ball first. Hit the ball on the downswing and hit right on through the ball. The club face supplies the loft. Supination helps you supply a correct stroke: not a downward chop or an upward scoop but a golf swing with as much coordination as a full shot.

There are a few other points related to the impact area and the follow-through that we should discuss now. Most of these points concern themselves with correct positions—positions which a good golfer moves into naturally if he starts his downswing by turning his hips and then

simply hits through to the finish of his swing in one unified motion. As you practice, don't try to force yourself into these positions. They're part and parcel of the chain action. You'll move into them if you execute the fundamentals properly. By touching on these points, though, I think we can clear up quite a few popular misconceptions about the golf swing and implant more firmly correct positive ideas that you can use as guides and check points as you practice and play.

To start with, most golfers—whether or not they actually acknowledge it in their swings—have the mistaken idea that at the moment of impact both arms should be straightened out their full length. This, of course, isn't right. AT IMPACT THE RIGHT ARM IS STILL BENT SLIGHTLY. On the downswing the right arm gradually straightens out as it comes into the ball, but it isn't until the clubhead is two feet or so past the ball that it straightens out completely. At this point, the left arm is also straight—the one and only time in the swing that both arms are fully extended. After this, led by the supinating left wrist, the left arm begins to fold in at the elbow, like the right arm does on the backswing. As for the right arm, it remains straight, right on through to the finish of the swing, as the left arm does on the backswing. At the finish of the swing—again this is like the backswing reversed—the left elbow points directly to the ground, and the top of the player's right shoulder hits up against his chin. My chin hits the shoulder about an inch from the end of the shoulder.

AT THAT POINT JUST BEYOND IMPACT WHERE BOTH ARMS ARE STRAIGHT AND EXTENDED THE CLUBHEAD REACHES ITS MAXIMUM SPEED—not at impact. This terrific speed carries the golfer right on around in that big high finish. At the completion of his swing, the player's belt buckle does not point directly at his target. It should point definitely to the left of his target. If he has gotten all the way through and around with his legs, the hips should be squared to the front. THE HIPS LEAD THE

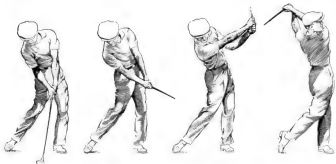


Figure 8 adds its contribution to the multiplying speed generated by this rotator chain-motion movement to the ball

SHOULDERS ALL THE WAY ON THE DOWN-SWING. The shoulders finally catch up with the hips at the end of the swing.

As regards the legs, a great many golfers think that classical style prescribes that, at impact and throughout the follow-through, the left leg should be as straight as a stick. Definitely not. If you keep your left leg straight, you prohibit your hips from making their full turn and restrict the whole free flow of your body to the left. When your weight doesn't get sufficiently transferred to the left, your are cramped, and your body, arms and hands cannot release the full power they're capable of pouring into the shot.

On a good swing, when the player's hands are approaching hip level on the downswing, his hips have already reached that point in their turn when they have begun to open—so face down the fairway. (The left buckle, when the hands are hip high, is about in line with the ball.) The two legs respond to the hip turn on the downswing. The left leg breaks resiliently to the left, and as the bulk of the weight rides forward to the left side of the left

foot, the leg bows out toward the target. As for the right leg, as we pointed out earlier, it breaks in at the knee as the hip turn starts.

When you're practicing this week, I suggest you spend some time reviewing the backswing phase and devote perhaps a half hour daily to the hip turn and the hit-through movements. Don't be afraid of swinging too hard. Many golfers are, you know. They figure that unless they restrain their power, they'll magnify their errors. I see it just the other way. If you are working with muscles that are fully extended on swing after swing, there has to be more uniformity than if your muscles are flexed with varying degrees of tension and so "give" differently on one swing and another.

I feel, and I have proved to myself, that I can hit a ball straighter if I hit it hard and full. As a matter of fact, when he is playing a long and testing course, a golfer who has a sound swing wouldn't mind at all having the physique of a giant. The more power he had at his command, the better he'd feel about it. He'd know how to use it. He'd be so long he'd be shouting back at the greens!

NEXT WEEK: SUMMARY AND REVIEW

In presenting his 80th and final issue in the April 8 issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Ben Hogan writes:

A golfer, as I see it, has 15 or 20 really productive years—years in which his efforts to realize his full potential as a golfer lead him to speculate about and experiment with every phase of technique, continuously and intensively. He can only find out so much. There are only so many days in a week and only so much daylight in a day. Had I, as a young man

starting out in professional golf in 1921, known then what I have managed to learn by 1957 and been able to start my experimentation at this more advanced point, I would have been privileged to have possibly made more advanced contributions during my best productive years. Other men will have that immense pleasure and privilege. . . .

**Continue Lesson No. 5
in next week's issue**

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

SENTENCE IN CALIFORNIA • AT THE SIGN OF THE EQUINOX •
SPRINTER BIME ON THE BASE PATHS • ANGLEWORM LOBBY
IN MICHIGAN • COONIES AGAIN • A-PLUS ON A B-BUDGET

FIXER FIXED

IN BOXING's funny ethic, the apt retort to a clean left hook can be a thumb in the other man's eye. Art Aragon, the Golden Boy, was raised by this standard. His intimates and mentors were men like Babe McCoy, the matchmaker-fixer, and Frankie Carbo, the fixer-gambler. If custom determines morals, Art Aragon was a moral young welterweight. As he understood it, the fix was part of the game. It was a considerable part of his career, which drew \$1 million into the box office.

It was a great shock to Art Aragon to discover the other day that the law against the fix is taken seriously in some circles, so seriously that he was sentenced to a prison term of one to five years. He pleaded for probation. Probation was refused, and Art Aragon burst into tears. The tears, however, did not wash away the habit of years.

"I told the truth," he lied once more, "and I'm going to prison."

Aragon did not expect any sophisticated person to believe he had told the truth. He was just going through the same old routine, following the pattern that had been successfully set in so many newspaper interviews. It would not occur to an Aragon to tell the truth at last, in extremity, and throw himself on the mercy of the court.

This had been noted by Superior Judge Herbert V. Walker. When he came to pronounce sentence on Aragon for trying to fix a fight with Dick Goldstein, the judge had before him nothing that would warrant mercy. Neither penitence nor a seemingly pretense of penitence.

"There is not one scintilla of evi-

dence," the judge said, "that he recognizes he may have committed a wrong . . . [but] the verdict was fairly and properly tried."

"We have a man before us who has attained an enviable position in the boxing world—third-ranking welterweight—a man who is supposed to be looked to as a clean sportsman in what at least should be a clean sport."

"Crimes of this nature are not small crimes in the court's opinion."

SPRING?

THERE can be no denying that—well, that the government of Czechoslovakia has decided you can't be against romance and has just given away its only Olympic gold medal winter, pretty Discus Thrower Olga Fikotova, to prove it. Harold Connolly,

the U.S. hammer thrower who fell in love with Olga at Melbourne and who has been camping in Vienna and staring wistfully at the Iron Curtain, has been allowed to proceed to Prague, marry the girl and carry her triumphantly away toward Boston. But does that make it spring?

Take baseball. The Cincinnati took their bats and gave the Yankees 29 whacks, including six hits off Don Larsen, last October's perfect pitcher. Actress Jayne Mansfield went to Wrigley Field in Los Angeles in an astounding low-cut dress, took a deep breath, and threw out—the first pitch in a game between the Cubs and the Orioles. But spring is a state of mind. No genuine baseball fan will admit that it is here until the major league clubs have left Florida, where it is always

continued

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Spring Spraining

Mickey Mantle, already warring a bruised thumb, gave Yankees and Yankee fans a real heart-sapper when he stepped in a hole during pregame exercise in Miami Stadium, painfully sprained his left foot. Prospect: a week of rest and bench duty.

• Favorites for the Future

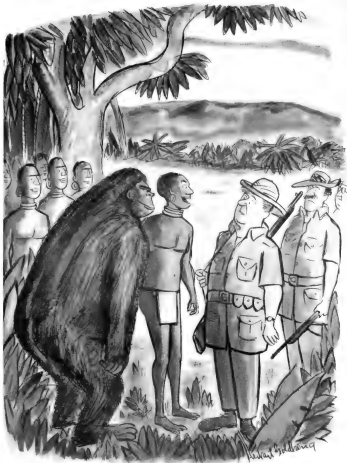
The glimmering victories of the 4.5-liter and 5-liter Maseratis, which finished 1-2 at Sebring (see page 14), established them as favorites for the rest of the season. Next week, Italy's Mike Motta (May 12) and France's Le Mans (June 22), field Juan Fangio in praise of the 4.5-liter: "I have never had less trouble."

• Caution Signal, Followed by Green Light

The IBC, treading softly after conviction as antitrust conspiracy, held up negotiations for Archie Moore's defense of his light heavyweight championship "for fear of appearing to float." Judge Sylvester J. Ryan's decision. But Judge Ryan said IBC could go ahead, and the bout with winner of Tony Anthony-Chuck Spivee elimination seems likely, now for June, as planned.

• Little League: Players, Not Workers

Sponsors of Little League baseball teams all over the U.S. had cause to relax after the New York State Workmen's Compensation Board set a precedent: amateur baseball players, it ruled, are not employees of the sponsoring groups, are not entitled to compensation from sponsors for injuries received in play.



"Hot look, Russian Gorbey, who do you always take Arkon (people in Tibet) from?"

continued

summer, and have played their first summer home before audiences muffled in overcoats. And how does a circus feel when it hears that *Roscoe Denny* has just won yet another indoor title?

There could be little doubt, on the other hand, that it was spring in Yakima, Wash. In what other season would Dr. Robert W. Mather, a local physician, watch the offspring of two caged female wildcats, or so eagerly plan their future? By treating the kittens with growth hormones, tranquilizer pills and affection, he hopes to produce eminently lovable house pets. One could only wonder, also, if the Yale Bulldog was not being subjected to some similar process. It is never spring football practice time at Yale because the Ivy League does not have spring practice. The Yale Rugby team, however, was in balmy Los Angeles last week to play UCLA, and a good many football players on the team thus got a great deal of healthful exercise.

There was spring skiing at Squaw Valley—but as long as the snow was solid enough for sport and speed, what skier could admit that it was really spring? And what golfer could admit that the season had arrived when his favorite course looked (as did scores in the path of a midwestern anemometer) exactly like a cross-country ski course? It is not spring for trout fishermen until opening day, no matter what the weather, and meanwhile most of them could only endure that period of feverish inactivity in which anglers usually vanish into, all reels, tie flies, patch waders, and pants.

But if the season was, as yet, relatively unacceptable, spring fever was, nonetheless, rampant: In Detroit, 50 members of the Wayne County Medical Society have subscribed to radio paging service and have been equipped with wireless receivers no bigger than cigarette packages—gadgets which will allow them to play any golf course within 35 miles with no fear at all of missing important calls. And the sun-brown duty bound to get warmer winter (last this meeting) ended on March 26 by ukase of the U.S. Weather Bureau.

OUTFIELDER SIME

BIG LEAGUE POWERS from Kansas City, Baltimore and Washington were in the stands, and it was obvious that their interest was focused on the 6-foot-2½-inch, 196-pound right fielder

for the home team whose white and blue uniform bore a Blue Devil on the sleeve, No. 21 on the back and the legend WALK printed across the chest.

It was the scouts' first opportunity to see this particular prospect as a member of the Duke varsity. Although



eligible to play last year, he came to Duke on a baseball scholarship, he had decided to concentrate on another of his talents and, as a sprinter, had twice broken the world record for the 220-yard dash.

The right fielder was, of course, 20-year-old Dave Sime, and, in this game against Elon College at Duke Park in Durham, N.C., he gave the scouts something to write home offices about. Although he had no chances in the field, he had opportunities to show both speed and power at the plate. Hitting (he's a right-hander) in the No. 3 spot, he met the ball squarely in the third for what looked like a single but turned into a double as he rounded first smartly, and slid into second well ahead of the throw from the outfield.

In the ninth, with Duke trailing 7-5, Sime came up with one out. Coach Ace Parker called for a bunt, and Dave dragged one down the third base line and beat it out easily. Then Cockrell walked. Donnell struck out, but as he did, Sime and Cockrell worked a double steal and both scored on Duke's 12th double. In the 10th, with men on first and second, Sime grounded to the first baseman, advancing the runners, and then Kent lost touch by passing Cockrell (intentionally) and Pinch Hitter Morris (unintentionally) to force over the winning run. Final: Duke 8, Elon 7.

What the scouts thought of Sime's performance for the afternoon they kept to themselves. But Dave Sime's coach, Ace Parker, was glad to speak out for the record.

"Dave is definitely a big league prospect," he said. "He has blinding speed, a terrific throwing arm and great power at the plate. I'd play him in center except that I've got a senior, Boney, there. Dave has the desire and determination of Dick Groat [another Duke product now with the Pittsburgh Pirates] and better physical equipment. The question is: Will he continue to develop or stand still? Some boys come this far and stop. If Dave continues

to develop, as I believe he will, he can't miss."

In his next appearance, against the University of Delaware at Duke Park, Dave Sime gave both his coach and the big league scouts impressive evidence that he had no intention of standing still. He started two rallies with long doubles, made a running one-hand catch to lead Duke to a 6-4 victory.

Next stop for the scouts was Tallahassee, Fla., where Duke will play a round robin of games with Michigan State, Yale and Florida. The scouts will be looking hard at all prospects, but—on the strength of his performance in his first two games—they are likely to be looking hardest at Outfielder Dave Sime.

FREEDOM FOR SMALL BOYS

HAVE COMMITTEES been formed, has Congress debated? The answer is no on both counts.

So let a word be said here in defense of a fundamental American freedom now under attack in the state of Michigan. Getting to the heart of the matter, what is happening is this: the Michigan Tax Dealers' Association is trying to stop small boys from selling worms to fishermen.

Harold Hetherington of Ellet, the spokesman for the association, recently appeared before the State Conservation Commission and proposed that dealers in all baits, including worms, be required to take out a license. He said that the state was losing a great deal



of revenue by not broadening its bait-selling regulations. He added that the boys, who don't have to pay a sales tax, are thus defrauding the state of a legitimate levy. There were rumors that Hetherington and his associates were more immediately alarmed by the greenhouse by the boys: like a dozen worms as against 10¢ charged by the association members.

Mr. Hetherington, to be fair, emphasized that small boys were only an incidental target of the legislation proposed by his association. The real offenders, he said, were "bait hawtlers" who bring in thousands of worms and other kinds of bait from outside the state and then create traffic hazards by setting up unlicensed machines

continued

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by HERBERT WARREN WIND

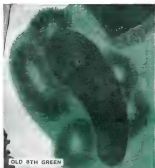
Three new changes in the Augusta National accent the evolution of Bobby Jones's dream course, which is again ready to test the very best golfers

IT IS NOW a little over a quarter of a century since Bob Jones started work on the Augusta National golf course, the dream course he had looked forward to building throughout his tournament career and which he designed (in collaboration with Alister MacKenzie, the gifted Scottish architect) in 1933, the year after his Grand Slam and his subsequent decision to retire from competitive golf. Considered since its birth to be the country's finest and handsomest meadowland layout, the Augusta National has been unique among golf courses in one very interesting respect: whereas the average course, once it is officially completed, remains static in design—give or take the covering up of a bunker here or moving a tee back there to suit the whims and the golfing "skill" of the incumbent genius at the head of the green committee—the holes at the Augusta National have undergone continual and considerable revision.

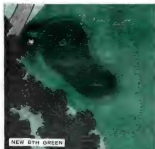
The first changes that were made back in the 1930s were prompted mainly by Jones's belief that it is impossible to build a golf course wholly on paper and that you must observe how the individual holes actually play and then modify certain features of certain holes to enhance their character and bring out their full shot values. In more recent times, the principal changes have constituted a reasonable, realistic effort to keep the course a fair but demanding test of championship golf for the great players who next week will once again compete in the game's spring classic, the Masters tournament. This has meant, among other things, increasing the yardage of a number of the holes, for some that were long enough and strong enough when they were originally laid out were in danger of becoming obsolescent as continuing advances in equipment and technique made the average tournament pro a much longer hitter.

There is no set rhythm or scale to the annual changes that Bob Jones directs at the Augusta National. Some years only minor changes are made, such as recontouring a portion of a green (in order to strengthen the implicit strategy of the entire hole). Other years, the changes have been more extensive—a green is radically reconstructed, a brand new tee is built at a different angle to the fairway or a creek is redirected and widened into a pond (to reinforce the strategic concept of that particular hole). And occasionally, the Augusta National, the first course to make conscious provision for the spectator in its architecture, trots out the bunkers and builds up the mounds behind greens and other vantage points that have been introduced at choice junctions on the course specifically for the accommodation of the galleries. One rounded area (behind the 2nd green) offers a view of action on four holes and can handle over 2,000 spectators.

As a result of this informal program, one of the standard side pleasures for the golf enthusiasts who make a regular spring pilgrimage to the Masters is to note and discuss the



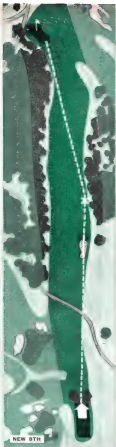
A PURCH-BOWL type of green, the old eighth was eminently satisfactory from all golfing points of view. On the last round of the Masters, the pin was usually placed well to the back, behind the steep outline. Great delicacy was required of approach and putt.



SLIGHTLY FLATBAUED, the new eighth falls off on all sides. By itself the new green is not as demanding as the old one, but reaching it in 1960 now requires two long and perfectly placed woods, each of them fairly close to the trees bordering the fairway.



CROWD CONTROL was one of the major problems on this 520-yard par-3 hole. A big gallery following a match to the green frequently impeded players hitting off the adjacent 8th tee. A serious bottleneck resulted that only restricting the old green could correct.



WIDE BOOM for the gallery but very little for the well-played second shot is provided by the new 8th green, tucked in a corner behind trees. Since the ideal line off the tee is now to the right, the old mid-fairway trap has been moved over to the right.

MASTERS IN FLUX

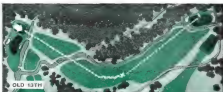
continued

revisions effected since their previous visit. This year the old Augusta hands will remark changes on three holes, the 8th, 13th and 15th—interestingly enough, all of them par-5 holes. As the drawings on these pages demonstrate, only one of these alterations is of a spectacular nature. Because its position close by the ninth tee and fairway had caused traffic congestion and a resulting bottleneck, the old punch-bowl 13th green has been razed and a new (temporary) green erected out to the left. The changes on the 13th and 15th, though less arresting, will strengthen both of these holes immeasurably by requiring the man who

would get home in two to play two really superb shots.

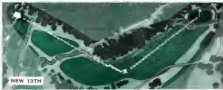
On the 479-yard 13th, for example, where the elbow of the fairway banks upwards from left to right, somewhat like the corner of an indoor track, a golfer could formerly play well away from the trouble along the left side of the fairway—usually his drive would kick nicely off the high right side of the fairway and bounce around the corner. From the new tee he must play a slightly more skillful tee shot to reach this ideal position. On the 16th, 505 yards long, many golfers used to play their long second shots over the pond to the safe, or right, side of the green area. The new trap at the right of the green (which Ben Hogan suggested) will make lousy scrambling harder and reward the golfer who plays a superior second. (R.H.D.)

SUBTLE CHANGE on 13th consisted of moving the tee three-patch back and five yards to the left. The new tee will assure the sloping bend of the hole and require a better-placed tee shot if the player intends to gamble on carrying the creek and protecting the green on his second shot. Jones modifies the 13th and 15th close to the old holes on the Augusta course.

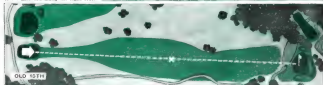


OLD 13TH

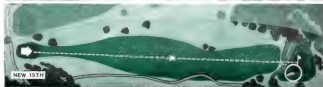
GALLERY PROTECTION was one of the reasons for creating a new green-side bunker on the 13th, a 505-yard par 5 where Gene Sarason scored his famous double eagle. Recently, due to their preoccupation with avoiding the sticky left side of the green, the tendency of the transient competitors has been to play their long second to the safer right side—and, very inconveniently, dangerously close to the spectators gathered along the right side.



NEW 13TH



OLD 15TH



NEW 15TH

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glorious justice to your individuality. You might say it's a very personal hat. \$12.50, \$15. Dobbs hats available at fine stores throughout the United States...\$10 to \$600. Also in Canada and Mexico. Dobbs, Park Ave., at 6th Street, N.Y.



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John G. Brown

*Old Island Regatta
George Town
Bahamas*

DOWN BAHAMAS WAY

Sports Illustrated's traveling artist, John Groth, captures the spirit of the lively islands in the sunshine of carnival time

A Bahamian sailorman worksman who goes by boat to fish, hunt conch, haul eggs to market and save trash—among the 200,000 eggs, there every April, however, when their captains take them to George Town, Great Exuma for the first Island Regatta; the sailing boats become—sailboats. During the race, the entire Exuma population plus His Excellency, the Governor of the Bahamas, watch from the shore as the boats anchor at the starting line. At the gun, the anchors are hauled in a feverish hurry and carcass is piled on to the limit, including borrowed dinghies; one of the boat crew can get them aloft. That's probably equal to your's pay.



Successful island fishing trip for one of the thousands of American couples who get down to the Bahamas is the occasion for a shot of the catch.



Surrey tour through the streets of Nassau, Capital City of the Bahamas, finds bicycles carting everything from family laundry to fresh fruit.



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Touch the *Overdrive* button...you're in fourth. Touch the clutch and gear-lever for a split-second downshift to third. Your "tac" says you're revving up to 4,500 rpm...your speedometer is down to 60...your exhaust "screams" like a racer's mating call...you're ready to take the curve "Triumphantly."

Round you go...fast on accelerator...hugging the road as safely and securely as ever. Your rear mirror shows your squealing, braking compatriots lagging way behind...but you've already shifted up to fourth and roomed onto the straightaway.

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When the NCAA ski meet winds up this weekend, it's odds-on that Denver's Willy Schaeffler will still be

KING OF THE HILL

CONTEMPLATING the forbidding figure of Coach Willy Schaeffler (right), Dave Shaw, co-captain of Denver University's crack ski team, said recently, "Sometimes he antagonizes you to the point where you want to challenge him, but you go out and win instead." That, in a sentence, is the story of Willy Schaeffler, the most successful ski coach in the United States. It is also the story of the Denver team, which was a collection of unknowns until Willy arrived from Bavaria in 1948. Since then they have won five national collegiate ski championships, the last three in a row. And this coming weekend, March 29-31 at Snow Basin in Ogden, Utah, they will be odds-on to make it four in a row.

What Willy has done is take a collection of good skiers and, by driving them to the point of exhaustion six months out of the year, has conditioned them and molded them into one of the toughest teams in the history of college skiing. "I try to make practice so hard," says Willy, "that competition is easy."

The grind begins for Denver skiers the day they arrive for school in the fall. Willy starts them off by running them up and down the football stadium steps (60 rows), first frontwards, then backwards. If they make it all right, Willy sets them hopping on

one foot—all the way up and back.

On that same first day they go through wind sprints, digging across the turf with summer-softened legs. By late afternoon the Denver ski team is likely to look like a bunch of Roger Bannister coming over the finish line after a new mile record. At that point, Willy blows the whistle and starts a soccer game. "They like the game so much," chuckles Willy, "that they run another three or four miles playing it." After soccer, even Schaeffler is willing to call it a day. But it behooves a Denver ski candidate to live close to the football field, because Willy has one word to say about automobiles: "Ers-bahn." His skiers walk everywhere they go.

For some of the recruits, one day under Willy is enough. "It's very hard," he conceded in a moment of compassion. "A few of the boys quit, sometimes real good skiers. But," he bearded, hardening up, "if they haven't got the will power for it they won't stand up in competition."

When the brave survivors turn out the second day, the third day and on into the early weeks of training, they find the need for will power more acute. From the wind sprints they now progress to running six miles a day across fields, down highways, along sections of railroad ties, teetering back and



TOUGH TASKMASTER Schaeffler bowls D.U. skiers, too. Martin still is a baby.

forth to sharpen their blades. They run down jagged hills, over jumps, across rocks and ditches, and at top speed through thick woods. And when they get back to the football field, there are three mile sprints and the hopping races up the stadium steps again, only this time each runner and climber is carrying a teammate—or Willy—in his arms.

Faced with this Spartan routine, the Denver kids would probably all throw in the towel before the first snowfall except for one decisive fact. Everything the boys do, Willy does. And at 41 he can still do everything better, stronger and longer than any of his 20-year-old champions. When six skiers rumble down the field, each lugging a hefty teammate, the man in front is always Willy. When they scramble through the six-mile torture of a cross-country run, there is Willy out in front. "I hear the boys talking among themselves," he said, smiling. "They say if he can do it, an old man, we got to do it." And when the soccer game

WILLY BEGAN AS DEPTHEAD BOY IN BAVARIA, FOUGHT IN WEHRMARCH OUTSIDE MOSCOW IN '42, JOINED THE AUSTRIAN UNDERGROUND IN '44



starts, there is Willy, giving it all he's got. Sometimes he gives himself, like the midwinter day three years ago when he staggered out of a ball scramble with a broken leg. But even that didn't stop him. A cast on the leg, a short ski strapped onto the cast, a couple of crutches tucked under his arm, and he was out on the slope shuffling around, conducting practice.

It hardly hurt at all. Besides, broken bones are nothing new to Willy. In 1936, four years after he won the Bavarian junior Alpine championships against some of the best young skiers in the world, Willy came skidding off the end of a ski jump squarely into a loose toboggan. Fracture count: 14, including two broken legs. As a German soldier, he got it even worse. In 1940 he was thrown into a penal battalion (for anti-Nazi Germans) that later spearheaded the drive on Moscow, was wounded three times, the third time so badly he was thought beyond recovery.

Skiing in Garmisch after the war, which he finished in an Austrian underground unit, he was hurt again when he skinned into a stump, flew through the air and landed on another stump. Some 195 time: six ribs and a left hip.

Since he emigrated to America in 1948, Willy has managed to keep his fracture count down to two: the same accident and a broken thighbone in two 1960 FIS trials. He has also managed to keep the accident rate astonishingly low among his Denver boys. He does it by making them so hard and tough that their legs can take anything. And he does it by making sure that each boy knows exactly what he's doing before he ever goes to the starter's gate. The first snow in Denver usually arrives the first week in November. Instead of breaking out the slalom poles, Willy starts the team off on the lowly snowplow. "There are many skiers today," Willy explained, "who come along so fast with a reputation as skiers that they never really took time to perfect the basic maneuvers. Fast competition is dangerous for boys like this. All they know is how to ski fast, or else they have learned to look funny, or copied the form of stars they have seen. You must start the fundamentals, and I try to teach the boys to build up their fundamental on that speed so longer is a danger."

When he is at last convinced they know what they're doing, Willy leads them to the mountain for some skiing. He sends the weaker specialists heading

(continued)



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Swanky Swamp

TOURISTS CAN WALK IN DRY-SHOED COMFORT THROUGH ALL THE WILDLIFE
WONDERS OF CORKSCREW SWAMP SANCTUARY NEAR FORT MYERS, FLORIDA

THE BOARDWALK on the opposite page may look superficially as though it were going across a cabbage field into nowhere, but do not be deceived. This structure leads into a world which hitherto has been closed to most men—the wonderful and slowly disappearing world of a Florida cypress swamp.

A big cypress swamp is a place of beauty, solitude and mystery. Its great trees with waving pendants of gray moss create a shadowy atmosphere that is restful. At the same time, the swamp is a busy place, sometimes even noisy, with comings and goings of its wild denizens. There is more wildlife in a swamp than almost any other habitat.

All these things are normally denied to most people for two reasons: all but a few big cypress forests have been cut for lumber; and a trip into such of the swamps that are left means rough, dangerous going.

But now visitors to southwest Florida are penetrating one of the last remaining mature cypress swamps without even getting their feet wet. They are doing this through the courtesy of a group ranging from wealthy philanthropists to local residents who gave their money so that the swamp in which they once fished could be preserved. Located 25 miles southeast of Fort Myers near the small town of Immokalee, it is called the Corkscrew Swamp Sanctuary, and it is owned and administered by the National Audubon Society. The Lee Tidewater Cypress Company gave the original tract of land; it has now grown to 5,760 acres.

Into this swamp the society has built a boardwalk more than half a mile long (3,555 feet as of last week). It is a sturdy walk with railings on both sides and occasional lookout points with benches. Here visitors from all over the country stroll along leisurely, taking in sights they have never seen before. Towering above them are the cypress trees, 800 or more years old. Samples of the rich Florida bird life fly over their heads, roost in the trees or wade the brown swamp water. Alligators which have become accustomed to boardwalk strollers sprawl on logs.

There are two features of this swamp which hold special interest for most visitors. It is a favorite nesting place of the wood ibis, the only true stork inhabiting the United States. Thousands of them nest in the tops of the cypress trees. It is also a great place for wild orchids, which bloom

from April through June. There are at least 10 species of epiphytic orchids which are most abundant in the rustard apple ponds, where they festoon the tree limbs like hanging gardens. Terrestrial orchids are found in wet prairies bordering the swamp and along the edges of cypress heads.

Within this tract, the big trees curve for five miles in a huge horseshoe. The curving belt of big trees varies from 400 yards to three-quarters of a mile wide.

As one of the early visitors to the sanctuary, I joined Henry P. (Hank) Bennett, the Audubon Society warden, and Sam Whidden, who has lived all his life at the edge of the swamp, for a survey trip. We met in the shade of a *chike*, a palm-thatched Seminole Indian shelter, which had been built by Sam. From the *chike* the boardwalk stretched across a prairie and disappeared into the swamp.

We crossed the prairie and slowed our pace as we entered the forest of smaller trees bordering the swamp. Air plants and orchids grew on the trees all about us. Hank pointed out items of interest, such as the ghost orchid which has no leaves and the various species of birds. Some notes taken during this late afternoon walk will give an idea of the abundance of wildlife in the swamp:

"Cypress trees tower up to 150 feet. American egrets making an awful racket. Boardwalk enters lettuce lakes—openings in swamp covered with water lettuce. Wood ibis flying back and forth almost constantly. White ibis feeding in slough and flying a third of a mile to where they're nesting. Several wood ibis stop and pose on dead tree, looking like Japanese print. Limpkins squalling deep in swamp. Spanish moss streamers wave in faint breeze. Flocks of redwing blackbirds pass overhead. Snowy egrets fly over in close formation on way to roost. Great blue heron calling in distance sounds like somebody being murdered. Fish cross fly over. More white ibis sail over our heads. American egrets quit feeding and fly over lettuce lakes. Alligators lying motionless on logs. Sam says there is Old Rusty. All look alike to me. Gans splash in brown water. Pileated woodpecker wharps at tree. Wood duck flies right in front of us. Green frog calls. Florida gallinule calls in, lights on piece of water lettuce and skids like a bird on water skis; anhinga (water turkey) sits on limb with wings outspread. Duck gathering now. In distance sandhill cranes set up rolling call. Night herons becoming active. Darkness thickens. Screams, squalls and splashes sound from swamp."

As we sat there in the gloom listening to the swamp sounds around us, Sam, the old swamp man, said: "There's some new scenery in this swamp and it's going to be here a long while now. It does your soul good just to sit and look."

JOHN O'REILLY

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAND GORSEK

IN A WORLD OF GREEN AND GRAY, the boardwalk of Corkscrew Swamp stretches across a field of water lettuce, beneath moss-hung trees, opening a secret wilderness to tourist eyes.

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Mervyn Lincoln, 24-year-old Starnell, Victoria, schoolteacher, diligently followed his habits for three quarters, over 8 alone on final lap to run 3:05 mile at Melbourne. Coached Coach Frank Stampfl: "Never relax... & 3:05 mile."



Judy Devlin, 20-year-old, young railroad from Baltimore, swept through five matches without losing game, routing Margaret Varner 11-2, 11-7 for All-England badminton title at London. Men's champion: Eddie Chapman.

RECORD BREAKERS

Hurdles who led: **Timothy Lapsberg**, 19, and **Yda Ben-Haim**, 15, who have been sweeping full-field assault on world's best hurdles, posted all three most sequential performances in short-course event. Lapsberg cleared 10 hurdles and 100 yards in 1:20.4 at Madison. Hurdles: **Wendy Gorman**, 16, who cleared 224 yards in 2:20.4 at Madison. Hurdles: **Barbara Varner**, 19, American, who cleared 100 yards in 1:20.4 at Madison. Hurdles: **Wendy Gorman**, 16, who cleared 224 yards in 2:20.4 at Madison.

Joe Davis, 24-year-old British cue master, cleared all hurdles, cleared 100 yards in 1:20.4 at Madison. Hurdles: **Wendy Gorman**, 16, who cleared 224 yards in 2:20.4 at Madison. Hurdles: **Barbara Varner**, 19, American, who cleared 100 yards in 1:20.4 at Madison. Hurdles: **Wendy Gorman**, 16, who cleared 224 yards in 2:20.4 at Madison.

AUTO RACING

John Maxwell Fagan, Argentine-born, cleared world champion, with speed from Fagan's John Bates, posted record-making 1:20.4 at Madison. Hurdles: **Wendy Gorman**, 16, who cleared 224 yards in 2:20.4 at Madison. Hurdles: **Barbara Varner**, 19, American, who cleared 100 yards in 1:20.4 at Madison. Hurdles: **Wendy Gorman**, 16, who cleared 224 yards in 2:20.4 at Madison.

HOCKEY

Chicago 1, 6, clearing second place behind Detroit and scoring twice. Trophy for **John Fagan**, 19, who cleared 224 yards in 2:20.4 at Madison. Hurdles: **Wendy Gorman**, 16, who cleared 224 yards in 2:20.4 at Madison. Hurdles: **Barbara Varner**, 19, American, who cleared 100 yards in 1:20.4 at Madison. Hurdles: **Wendy Gorman**, 16, who cleared 224 yards in 2:20.4 at Madison.

BOXING

Miguel Casas, 24-year-old, cleared world champion, with speed from Fagan's John Bates, posted record-making 1:20.4 at Madison. Hurdles: **Wendy Gorman**, 16, who cleared 224 yards in 2:20.4 at Madison. Hurdles: **Barbara Varner**, 19, American, who cleared 100 yards in 1:20.4 at Madison. Hurdles: **Wendy Gorman**, 16, who cleared 224 yards in 2:20.4 at Madison.

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HORSE RACING

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BASKETBALL

North Carolina and **Bradley** were the two teams that won the most games in the tournament. North Carolina won 10 games, while Bradley won 9. The teams that lost the most games were **Marquette** and **St. Louis**, each losing 5 games.

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FENCING

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TRACK & FIELD

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FOCUS ON THE DEED



WHOOPIING IT UP After last month's NIT victory over Michigan State, jubilant Bradley Braves took winning gifts as they hoist trophy-garlanding Coach Clark G. Horn to their shoulders.



WHIPPING UP SPEED On his way to another 1-2 finish for talented Calumet Farm, Bradburn 100 and Fabian as pounding into the final turn in the \$125,000 Goldstream Park Handicap.

SEBRING

continued from page 12

the 88, but Piero Taruffi, the 36-year-old fox of Italian racing, a man famous for his cunning in mountain races and winner of the Pan-American Road Race in 1962, agreed to pair with Fitch.

After receiving the invitation from Chevrolet, Taruffi took the first available plane and arrived only Thursday. When the gleaming blue 88 finally made a practice appearance at the track, on Friday, he was at the wheel—steadily but not spectacular.

Finally, Chevrolet had no way of knowing exactly what to expect from the 88. The white practice car had been driven several hundred miles, and it was more than passable, but it was not meant to be entered in the race. It could not have passed technical inspection, if only because it had no headlights.

The dream of glory stimulated by Thursday's episode with The Mule was still flicking on Saturday. A few fluffy clouds decked the sky. The morning sun was warm, promising a hot day. The handsome blue car with the number 1 painted on white half-a-gal on its panels was engulfed by the curious. Soon the track was cleared and the 88 was contesting the Florida International 12-Hour Grand Prix of Endurance awaited their drivers.

Lined up opposite the cars and across the track, the drivers bowed out the spectators, dialed in the cars and split the air with a cacophony of un-muffled exhaust noises and screeching tires as they hurried away.

First under the footbridge which marks the start finish line were the two blue-and-white prohibition Corvettes, stabilizers—along with a red, modified Corvette—of the 88.

John Fitch (billed with the controls for a second or two and then the 88 was off with the first light. Down the Joe Miko Hawthorn jabbed the starter of his D Jig anxiously. Finally the motor roared, but for a moment, one of the great favorites, had last previous time and was lagging back among the farthest stragglers.

At the end of the first tour of the 5.2-mile course, Peter Collins, the 26-year-old No. 1 driver of the Ferrari racing team, was leading in a red 2.5-liter model. Behind him came Sterling Moss in a 3-liter Maserati; Phil Hill, of California, in another 3.5-liter Maserati; Masten Gregory, in still another; Francoise Jean Behra with the formidable 4.5-liter Maserati; and then John Fitch, in the blue Corvette.



FIRST DEATH In Sebring race, came when Peter Phil Collins, of Collins, this past in the 5th lap in his 2.5-liter Maserati, causing the withdrawal of his race car team.

Fitch stayed with the leaders through the second lap but came to the pits after three laps to have a wheel changed. Early morning brake tests had disclosed some front-wheel locking, and now a wheel had gotten out of balance causing the front end to shake. The car went fairly well for six more laps, but the engine died, but Fitch was near enough to the pits to coast in. Long tinkering repaired trouble in the ignition circuit. The brakes were still not right, but Fitch went out again and turned some very good laps until his engine quit again. This time Fitch returned the car with a spare engine oil. Again the 88 went well for a while, but handling qualities deteriorated and the cockpit became unbearably hot. Taruffi finally took the car out for a lap and reported alarming body noises.

"We discovered," said Dunton, "that the rubber bushing on a rear suspension arm was damaged. Since the seal was not perfect, the bushing would have deteriorated further and would not permit fast driving. We had three more points in just one lap, and a witness." He headed that it was a design of great promise and he was quite pleased with it.

SMOOTH AND SPRING

Moss and Behra was giving the Maserati pit happy news. He reported the fastest lap of the day—2:24.4—while entering the early leader, Collins, and then drove smoothly, staying the car while continuing to increase his margin. Moss was well placed in the 3-liter Maserati. Carroll Shelby, the Texas who joined the Maserati

team this year and received SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S Sports Car Driver of 1966 trophy during the Sebring week, was another who was saving his car in 3-liter model for the finish. He began to run out of fuel in the third hour and came to the pit for more. Instead of replacing him immediately with Co-driver Roy Salvadori of Britain, the pit crew dropped in two gallons of gasoline and waved him on. They signaled Shelby to come in three laps later to land over to Salvadori and had to refuel again, thus breaking a rule against refueling before 24 laps had been run. The car was disqualified on the 6th lap as Salvadori was lying eighth—in a fine striking position.

Keeping heat, faster cars than ever before, barely competitive drivers and a course notorious for its destruction of brakes kept the situation behind the 4.5-liter Maserati. The Ferrari drivers made a resolute assault, but all the contending cars began to have braking difficulties. Collins' sixth early laps were costly; he started to slip back and eventually finished sixth, co-driving with Francoise-Maurice Tréguier. The Margolis de Portugal and Masten Gregory, with Co-drivers Luigi Musumatti and Bruno, each had a taste of second place with the 3.5, only to lose most of their braking power.

Far ahead of the pack Behra and The Master gave a demonstration of coolly efficient driving. They changed places every three hours and Francoise's better was that he had finished gasoline into the cockpit when he took

continued

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by
Jimmy Powers

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SEBRING

(continued)

over for the last three hours. He splashed a puddle of gas off the seat as he got in, but he must have been extremely uncomfortable as he sat in the remainder of the stinging fuel for those three hours.

Sebring, as expected, kept its reputation as a destroyer of cars (38 of 65 starters finished) and it cost one life. Bob Goldich of Chicago, a long-time amateur racer, flipped an Arnolt-Beirstein in a deceptive S-curve and was injured fatally. S. H. (Wacky) Arnolt, builder of the cars, immediately

withdrew his two remaining entries.

The race was Fangio's and Behra's and Maserati's (levering the score for the manufacturers' championship with Ferrari at one victory each), but the day and the week will be remembered as that time when Detroit entered the late of international racing.

The SS, at the moment when Fangio and Behra sat in the 4.5 and accepted the placiditas of the crowd, was half forgotten, yet it would not be forgotten long. The renowned 24-hour race at Le Mans is in June, and by that time Duntov and Chevrolet surely will have a car as proficient as it is handsome. **ENR**

THE RESULTS AT SEBRING

ORDER OF FINISH	CAR	CLASS	DRIVERS	LAPS
OVER-ALL PERFORMANCE				
1	4.5 Maserati	C	Behra, Fangio	157
2	3.0 Maserati	D	Went, Schell	146
3	3.0 D Jagsai	C	Mathews, Barb	151
4	3.0 Ferrari	C	Gregory, Ross	151
5	3.0 D Jagsai	C	Montg, Ross	151
6	3.5 Ferrari	C	Calder, Sandgoff	157
7	1.5 Ferrari	C	De Fostage, Muzer	186
8	1.5 Porsche	F	Bunker, Wallace	185
9	1.5 Porsche	F	Kunst & Ritt	184
10	2.0 Ferrari	F	Pivelly, Guther	179
11	1.0 Lotus	G	Chapman, Sheppard	174
12	4.6 Corvette (production)	C	Thompson, Andrey	172
13	1.5 Alfa	F	Lewis, Beck	170
14	2.0 Ferrari	F	De Vroom, Azzetti	169
15	4.6 Corvette (production)	C	Duncan, Kilbert	168
16	4.6 Corvette (modified)	C	O'Shea, Lively	166
17	2.8 AC	F	Fernandez, Deslattes	161
18	1.0 Cooper	G	Hallock, Goldman	159
19	2.0 Triumph TR3	F	Oker, Johns	158
20	1.5 Alfa Romeo Giulietta	F	Kaplan, Ransville	156
21	2.0 Triumph TR3	F	Rothschild, Penneybacker	156
22	2.8 AC	F	Sherrill, Collier	154
23	1.5 MG	F	Miller, Lowen	151
24	1.5 Alfa Romeo Giulietta	F	Craig, Blackinton	151
25	2.0 Mercedes 300SL	D	Wendtze, Reed	151

INDEX OF PERFORMANCE				
	CAR	CLASS	INDEX	DRIVERS
1	Porsche	F	1.260	Bunker, Wallace
2	Porsche	F	1.257	Kunst, Ritt
3	Lotus	G	1.199	Chapman, Sheppard
CLASS WINNERS				
	CAR	CLASS		DRIVERS
1	Maserati	C		Behra, Fangio
2	Maserati	D		Went, Schell
3	Ferrari	F		Montg, Ross
4	Porsche	F		Bunker, Wallace
5	Lotus	G		Chapman, Sheppard
6	Stanghellini	H		Behra, Ross

GRAND TOURING CATEGORY WINNERS				
	CAR	SEMI		DRIVERS
1	Corvette (production)	1		Thompson, Andrey
2	Mercedes 300SL	2		Wendtze, Reed
3	Triumph TR3	3		Oker, Johns
4	MG	4		Miller, Lowen
5	Alfa Romeo Giulietta	5		Kaplan, Ransville
6	Renault	6		Berry, Foulge



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FAUNA IN THE SUN

A distinguished naturalist visits the Citrus League where he finds young and old in their winter habitat

by JOHN O'REILLY

A spring baseball training gets into full swing in western Florida: the old folks, those who have got them, and are taking it easy, hang out around the ballparks to relapse to the nostalgic sights and sounds of the game; players chattering on the field like a bunch of zipping bees, the crack of many bats sounding like a squad of woodpeckers at work, the grating rasp of spikes on dirt, the high rising cry of the same state and power of players running across the outfield like something was after them.

Spring training is a story of youth and old age, agile young athletes trucking on the field, and in two strands, one of cherry men and women, gray-haired, dignified and tolerantly amused. These oldsters wander from field to field, sitting up the seven teams in this baseball complex scattered around St. Petersburg. This year I joined these early spring managers and athletes in a study I can say that all teams look good over the ball game.

The last time I attended spring training was back in the Pleistocene period when the Giants trained at San Antonio, Texas. My job of selling soda pop at the field was only a subtle ruse to enable me to associate with those

mighty men, the day I sold only three bottles of pop. Instead of hawking my wares I was out shagging balls for my heroes. I'd run my legs off and like it, but the big moments came when they'd put a glove on me and knock the ball straight into the sky. If I missed it as it returned to earth, I became the object of heated derision. If I caught the ball it would knock me to the ground and they'd all laugh. But I didn't care—I was playing in the big league.

CERTAIN THICKNESES

Following that I drifted away from spring training, drifted to almost 40 years in fact. But here I was again, right in the thick of it, talking to players, meeting managers and wandering around the field during practice. In sitting up the teams I discovered that baseball players have thick thighs, thick wrists and thick necks. It was explained to me that a ballplayer's neck is an extension of his shoulder muscles. One guy said that in some instances they extend even higher, but I ignored this observation.

My first visit was to Al Lang Field, a tidy little ball park with palm trees along one side and Tampa Bay on the other. Sea gulls hovered over the

THE CROWDS IN THE FLORIDA BALL PARK ARE A RESTRAINED LOT, WARMING THEIR BONES AND



outfield and a mockingbird was singing behind first base. The Cardinals went on hitting practice and the crack of the bats and the pop of balls into gloves was like music. I was introduced to First Hutchinson, the manager, a big, dark-haired man of few words.

We had a little talk about the sea gulls that come down to search the diamond for anything edible. Jim Toomey, the publicity man, said they hadn't had any trouble with the police as yet.

"They feed different," said Hutch. (Always call a ballplayer by his nickname.) Several others joined the group and somebody asked, "How does it look this year, Hutch?" There was a longish silence while Hutch pondered the query. Finally he looked straight into the eyes of his questioner.

"Our club looks pretty good," he said. Everybody nodded significantly. I soon learned that the most-asked question during early spring training is, "How does it look this year?" The answer is always pretty much the same, too. Not once did I hear a manager or a player say, "It looks awful."

I quickly learned, too, that the opening gambit in a conversation with a ballplayer is, "How's your weight?" The answer goes, "I came in about eight pounds overweight, but I'm all right now."

Hitting practice got under way, and in time I noticed a boy outside the wire fence acting in a strange manner. He kept looking and waving as though mere leathery dance. Then I noticed he was wearing a ball glove and I realized that, although out in the street, he was right in the game. Finally a ball sailed out of the park and, sure enough, the boy made a neat catch right against the window of a green sedan. They

told me that sometimes long balls go over the street and land in Tampa Bay. When they do, the boys dive right in after them. I'd never seen balls shagged in salt water so I watched a while, but none went quite that far. Too bad.

At Miller Huggins Field the Yankees had knocked off practice because of a heavy shower and were just coming out of the locker room. A crowd of tourists hung around for glimpses of the great. I saw a ring of men and women standing around a parked automobile, all staring at something inside. I went over to see what the attraction was and there sat Yogi Berra with absolutely no expression on his face, apparently oblivious of the ring of admirers around him. Not wanting to look at Yogi for too long, I moved away. Mickey Mantle came out and the crowd turned and followed him. Mickey looked good.

THE TALKING MOON

Went out to dinner that night with Wally Moon, height 6-foot, weight 275 pounds, born Bay, Ark., lifetime major league average .293. (If you study those little numbers they hand out you can soon spot baseball statistics with the best of 'em. Wally used to come in four pounds overweight but had worked it off. These guys talk about weight more than women do.)

At dinner Wally started talking baseball. He talked it steadily for four hours. If the subject was changed the Cardinal outfielder got right back to baseball. It was a delight to hear him. I was astounded by his utter absorption with the game. During dinner they held a fashion show. Never in this world would I have imagined I'd be attending a fashion show with a major league ballplayer. Nifty models strutted along in slinky beach wear and alluring sports dresses. They paraded in the center of the dining room and then wandered among the tables. And what did Wally Moon do? He kept right on talking baseball. Yes sir, he never even gave 'em a tumble. (Mrs. Moon please note.)

Through two and subsequent conversations I learned that the participants in our national game talk about it most of the time they are not playing it. For reasons and they'll delve into facets of the game I never knew existed. This had true at breakfast the next morning with Redie Tolettis, manager of the Cincinnati Redlegs. Redie talked a blue streak all through the meal and it was all about baseball.

(continued)

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FAUNA IN THE SUN

continued

When we rose from the table he grinned out of that round face of his and said, "I'm sorry you did all the talking and didn't let me say anything." I hadn't said more than eight words.

Birdie came in overweight but, being a manager, he intends to stay that way. But he said weight was a fetish of his as far as his players are concerned. He also rides hard on their social life. He makes them wear neckties at dinner in the hotel and generally conduct themselves in accordance with their positions as idols of the fans. He pointed out that a player's career rises to a peak and then turns sharply downward.

"You cast a long shadow in baseball and you have to go back over it," he said. In addition to telling a good story Birdie is something of a philosopher. In delineating some of the headaches of a manager he described a type of rookie who is the bane of all managers. This is the guy who is usually found standing in the shade during practice. He is a holdout his first year, and when you want him to do something he usually does something else.

"Finally you blow your top and send him back to the minors," Birdie said. "Then in the minors he pitches 13 games—wins 12 and loses one. The next year he's back looking at you like this. [Birdie assumed an expression that was at the same time innocent and defiant.] Then you know he's got you."

Birdie sat there shaking his head in a manner which indicated that a manager's life is anything but easy.

THE RUNNING FIRE

Went over to Tampa to watch the White Sox in a practice game at Al Lopez Field. Had a little talk with Al Lopez, the manager, who said his squad looked pretty good this year. During the game the White Sox players kept up a running fire of chatter and carousing, like kids in a sandlot game. I noticed that ballplayers even argue with the umpires during a practice game when the outcome means nothing.

Umpires show up for spring training, too. I wondered whether they practice scowling, glaring and turning their backs, but I was loth to ask. They looked just as grim as they do during the season and I didn't want to get into any argument with an umpire. Instead, I listened to the mockingbird singing just outside the fence.

continued

tip proved good, for Birdie Tebbetts was standing in front of a group of 24 solemn-faced players, giving them a lecture on the technique of sliding into base without breaking an ankle. Then they started to slide.

Birdie stood by a sack in a sand pit and one by one the players rushed at him. When they reached the edge of the pit they went into a slide. As each player came to a stop Birdie criticized the slide or gave some word of praise. On and on they went, slide after slide. Each man slid four times, making 96 slides in all. That is not exactly right, for Birdie stopped the last man as he was about to dash for the pit.

"It would be just my luck for the last guy to break his leg," Birdie said. It seems that Mr. Tebbetts is as glib as well as being a philosopher. Then the players knocked the sand out of their shoes and went onto the field to play some pepper.

THE HELPING HAND

In playing pepper one man with a bat faces three or four with gloves at a distance of about 100 feet. The batter keeps knocking the ball to the others and sometimes they keep it up a long time without missing. I went over and stood behind a wire fence to watch a little pepper being played on the other side. A high ball came over the fence and landed behind me.

"A little help, please," said one of the players. I shrugged the ball and threw it over the fence.

"Thank you," said the batter. Pretty soon another ball came over the fence. I shrugged that one, too. After a while of this I began to feel silly. Why should I be out here shugging balls for these guys? This squad gets paid a total of some \$400,000 a year for doing just this sort of thing. But I kept on doing it and suddenly I realized why.

I was back where I started in big league baseball: back in the Pre-senior period. I began to remember more things about the old ball game in San Antonio, the Ball Durham sign in right field and the high board fence. I recalled that mockingbirds used to sing around that park, too. I shrugged another ball and threw it over the fence. I didn't feel a bit silly.

If you get down to Florida any spring-time, be sure and go along around the ball parks during training. It will take you back. It took me back almost 40 years. Next spring I'm covering 40 parks lighter.

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WINNING COACH MCGUIRE

COOL 32 IN KANSAS CITY

Basketball's seasonal winning streak reached an alltime high as North Carolina refused to panic in the NCAA finals

by JEREMIAH TAX

CUTTIE-CORNER across a parking lot from the Kansas City Municipal Auditorium stands the faded red-tinted Folly Burlesque, where Miss Beauty Style—"The Anatomy Awaits a cure"—and her road-show strippers and courtesans usually practice their art for pursuers of long-lost youth. Through most of last week business had been pretty good for the Folly, with substantial attendance from among the several hundred gentlemen and several thousand virgin students assembled in Kansas City for the annual meeting of the nation's basketball coaches and the 1957 NCAA basketball championships. Then, last Friday and Saturday nights, a lean and carefree young man named Wil Chamberlain stripped Miss Style's class of customers.

This smooth-limbed giant, who was designed for basketball as surely as a corkcane for bottle-opening or an eagle for flight, opened his two-night stand before us hip and hard-eyed an audience as could possibly be gathered—coaches and athletic directors from every state and conference. Despite his top billing, he quickly acquired two rivals for the applause of these experts. The first game on the program—between North Carolina and Michigan State—was a triple-overtime bummer-magger of speed and suspense won by Carolina 74-70; that was as tough to follow onstage as Bob Hope. The second performance to compete with Chamberlain's starring rôle was provided by his own Kansas teammates, who, in their following game with San Francisco, played brilliant basketball in every department—undefending a San Francisco squad considered the best in the nation in this category, fast-breaking like a covey of quail and shooting with the accuracy of five

Annie Oakleys for a 59.6 percentage. In the inevitable destruction of San Francisco (80-56), however, Chamberlain was Judd High Keweenawer. He faked, he dunked, he ran, he rebounded without a flaw.

After the game and all the next day, the lobby of the Muehlebach Hotel, local headquarters for the tournament, was astir and amorous with coaches speculating on the pay-off meeting between the two winners. Some were sure it would be a rout for Kansas, some expected a close Kansas victory.

CAME THE CHILL

In this heavy fog of one-sided opinion, one young man spoke up briskly but without heat. This was Tommy Kearns, guard, of North Carolina, a little 5 foot 11, blue-eyed bundle of a player who loves to steal the ball and drive for the basket like a getaway car on the lam. Said Kearns: "We're a chilly club. We play it chilly all the time. I mean we just keep cool. Chamberlain is not going to give us the little like he did to San Francisco and some of those other clubs."

The first 10 minutes of the game seemed to prove Kearns's point. In that time, Carolina did not make a single field-goal attempt. Cool was indeed the word for them. On offense, they started in low gear, impossibly speeding up their movements until a sudden spurt or quick pass would free a man cleanly for a shot. If that man did not feel he was sufficiently clear and Carolina's standards were high—he did not take the shot but instead put the ball back into play. They had to move, of course, but at half time their shooting percentage was 54.7 to Kansas' 27.3. Len Rosenbluth, their great forward, missed only twice and was

high man with 34 points. Kearns was two for two—but his ball control was what really ruled 1957. The second North Carolina 29, Kansas 22.

The second half was a repeat performance of the first, with the exception that Kansas' percentage of accuracy went up a few points, Carolina's went down a few points, and Rosenbluth, who had been tossing up the loveliest, softest baskets imaginable, faded out. The game thus ended up a 46-46 tie (the first in the history of the finals of this national championship tournament), and the team which played through three taut overtime periods only the night before was faced with the same prospect again—and without the services of their best man.

In the first five-minute period only two points were made by each team, and none at all in the second. In the third the score was tied twice until, with only second remaining and Kansas ahead 53-52, the electric ending this marvelous game deserted, was set up when Carolina's Joe Quigg was fouled. Quigg, displaying the kind of cool approach that Tommy Kearns had so well predicted, sank both shots for a 54-53 victory. Though it all, Carolina had treated to Chamberlain with great respect, but without paralyzing fear.

It is impossible to give too much credit to Coach Frank McGuire and his crew of Tar Heels. After an exhausting previous evening, under the acute pressure not only of a national championship match but their own record-breaking 31-game winning streak, and facing the greatest threat to peace of mind on a basketball court today—Wil Chamberlain—they kept their poise, played their game and won an upset victory that few fans or experts thought they could swing. (ENR)

THE MAN TO BEAT

Wrestler Dan Hodge has never been beaten in college. His 41-match win streak—the last 19 by falls—makes him top favorite and the man to watch at the NCAA championships

by DON PARKER



THE BELLIES was over, and there was nothing to scrape. Dan Hodge's meal left the man to wrestle in five hours. For two days his immediate enemy had been food and drink. But now he weighed 177 pounds officially and his weight no longer mattered. The thick steak gave his belly a pleasant, packed feeling, but the pleasure of anticipation was gone. He had talked all morning of eating, "See Ryan? Steak. I'm going to get me some ice cream and steak." Now he was not hungry any more and his thoughts turned to the match at 8 o'clock. Thinking about it made him nervous.

"Want to lie down for a while, Dan?" It was Port Robertson, the Oklahoma coach. "We have two rooms upstairs if you want to lie down."

Dan stared around the lobby of the hotel. The team always stayed here when it came to Stillwater to wrestle Oklahoma A&M. The television set in the corner was tuned in to a pro basketball game, but Dan did not feel like watching basketball.

"Now, Port. Think I'll go to the movies."

He gathered a few of his teammates and went off to lose his nerves.

Dan Hodge is the best college wrestler in the country. He has never been beaten in 41 college matches. More astounding, in the college sport in which

a pit is a rarity, Hodge has pinned 32 of his opponents, the last 19 of them in succession.

This weekend, March 29 and 30, more than 200 wrestlers from 60 colleges and universities will gather at the University of Pittsburgh for the national college wrestling championships. Of them all, the man to watch is Hodge. Not only will he be after his third straight intercollegiate 177-pound championship—a feat rare in itself—but he will also be trying to gain recognition for the second straight year as the tournament's outstanding wrestler.

MUSCLES FOR THE PANTHEON

There is every reason to believe he will realize his ambition. Rex Peery, coach of the University of Pittsburgh team, describes the 24-year-old Oklahoman as the finest collegian to come along in years. "He's too good for college boys," said Peery. "He's head and shoulders ahead of anything we've got." This is high praise coming from Peery, a fellow who was an intercollegiate champ at Oklahoma A&M in his undergraduate days and who since then has coached two of his sons, Hugh (now graduated) and Ed, to national championships at Pitt.

Largely because of Dan Hodge, Oklahoma will be favored to win the NCAA team title, but not without strong opposition from Iowa, Pitt, Oklahoma

A&M, Penn State and Indiana, perennial powers in a sport which seems to be dominated by muscular types from the states of Iowa, Oklahoma and Pennsylvania.

Hodge was born and raised just outside Perry, Okla., some 120 miles from Spawna, birthplace of Muley. Muley, the Hercules from the same sturdy stock as Muley, Dan's father, William K. Hodge, was worked most of his life as an itinerant oilfield roughneck—a casing rigger who worked the tops of 100-foot oil derricks. Dan, too, has worked in the oilfield in the summertime. Oklahoman, already taking good looks for Muley—as well as for Bud Wilkinson and the only team in college football with a 48-game winning streak—is about ready to admit Dan Hodge to the state pantheon.

The best way to learn about Dan, of course, is to visit Oklahoma. I caught up with him at Norman, a day or two before Oklahoma U.'s final dual match at Stillwater against Oklahoma A&M, currently the reigning national collegiate champions.

I met his coach, Port Robertson, first. We sat in his windowless office in the Oklahoma field house just across the street from the dominating bulk of the OU football stadium.

"Wrestling's a tough sport, you know," Robertson said. "The season lasts five and a half months. It's all

work, work, work, and maybe you must do 12 matches counting tournaments. Five and a half months for 12 matches. That's a long season." He paused long enough to let the length of the season sink in.

"We start working October 15, and we begin with handball. It's the best game ever developed for conditioning. It sharpens reaction, develops agility and stamina. Then after a while we start calisthenics. I let them go at it easy at first and then work them up to 30 minutes of pure calisthenics gradually. Then by the middle of November I've got the kids ready to start wrestling a little.

"A wrestling match lasts nine minutes. I figure it takes 10 weeks of training to get a kid ready to wrestle a match. You figure to gain a minute of stamina in a week of training. So, for a nine-minute match, I train them 10 weeks. I like them to have that extra minute in reserve.

"This is a strong league and you have to have strong men, follow me?"

As if to demonstrate this point, Dan Hodge sits on the stool, his head nodding of the eager-out nervousness that was to be evident the next day in still water. He seemed what he was: a big, strong country boy, and, most turned out, a hungry one under restraint. At lunch he passed up the chicken, potatoes and peas that were getting strong play with most of the others. He addressed himself meekly to a couple of slices of lean roast beef, cold.

"That's all I got to eat until tonight tomorrow," he said. "I weigh about 195 when I'm not in training, so I can't eat much if I'm going to make 177."

Robertson does not believe in scientific weight control. He would rather see Hodge, who at 195 pounds is the NCAA tournament star, lose him starve and sweat down to 177. But Hodge likes the lower weight and will not be stayed.

"The biggest objection I have to scientific control," said Robertson, "is that I don't like it. I think what you can't work off or run off, the good Lord put there for a purpose. I don't let my wrestlers use a sweatbox."

"Now," said Dan, "is it much different?"

That afternoon at practice, Dan looked anything but weak from hunger. He was dressed in red tights and white canvas wrestling shoes. He stood in a V to powerful shoulders and rounded neck. On the mat he was no longer a different country boy. His workout opponent that day—as on

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WRESTLER HODGE

continued

everyday of the long training season—was his teammate Gene White, who was Oklahoma's first strong 175-pounder before Dan came to school. It is White's fairly thankless job to try to beat Dan. Sometimes he comes close, but only because that, too, is part of the training job.

"I beat him get me every once in a while," says Dan, "just to remember what it's like to have someone on top of me—so I won't be lost if it happens in a match."

It has not happened yet. Gene White, for one, does not think it will ever happen in American catch-as-catch-can wrestling: "He's a strong man. Strong as maybe three men, in fact. Every once in a while I think maybe I have him, and then he explodes. I can't whip him. I don't think anybody can."

LEARNING FIRSTHAND

Dan decided that the Soviets illustrated that should learn firsthand what some of his holds feel like. "I'll just use quarter-pressure, so don't be nervous," I agreed. We got down in the referee's position (Hodge on all fours, I to his side with my right arm looped about his waist, my left hand with a death grip on his left arm). Since I had done a little schoolboy wrestling and outwrestled Dan by 28 pounds or so, I had a brief vision of giving him a run for his money. At the signal to start he bucked out me and my head went over his shoulder. Next thing I knew, my neck was in a vice grip. My torso and legs were up there somewhere, miles above my head in free flight. I landed on my back, pinned as neatly as a basted ham.

"Shouldn't have stuck your head over my shoulder," said Hodge in a gently reproving tone. "That's a basic mistake."

For the next 15 minutes I was half-crushed in a Hodge straddle, stretched at least two inches in a double grapevine, bent into a circle in a cradle, forced to chew on my own fat in a double bar arm. More than anything, the experience helped me develop a real feeling of compassion for Gene White.

Dan teaches wrestling since he was 11. At that age he moved in from the countryside, with its limited country school, for the better opportunities of high school in Perry, pop. 5,200. His high school wrestling coach, at Perry, John Decline, got him a job at a filling station and a place to sleep in the fire

house. Dan worked his way through school, won two state championships and was undefeated his last two years. When Dan graduates from Oklahoma U. in June, with a degree in industrial arts, he wants to go into high school teaching—coaching wrestling on the side like John Decline. "Professional wrestling? Not for me. I want to be a teacher."

Dan was asked about the story that he has never been beaten since high school.

"That's not exactly true. I lost once



CHAMPION HODGE pauses in a wrestling drill (seated) Oklahoma Coach Robertson.

at the 1932 Olympics in Helsinki and once again at the 1936 Olympics in Melbourne."

I had to get the rest of the story from Coach Robertson.

"Dan tried Olympic freestyle wrestling for the first time in 1932. He got to the Olympic quarter-finals. Freestyle is different from our collegiate. It's almost like learning a new sport. You can't roll free and easy to maneuver for position in Olympic wrestling because an instant touch of the shoulder down on the mat is considered a pin. If they worked it that way in college wrestling, half the champions would wind up pinning themselves in half their matches. Sometimes a man has to brush his shoulders on the mat to gain an advantageous position. That's what happened to Dan at Melbourne. He missed winning the U.S. gold medal by two seconds. He was way ahead of this Bulgarian on points, but

while trying to roll for a better hold his shoulders touched the mat. The referee called it a fall just as the buzzer ended the period. Dan was a little mad at Still, it was the highest award the U.S. got in wrestling."

On the morning of the trip to Stillwater, the Oklahoma wrestling team met early at the gym and the wrestlers checked their weights. Ten were making the trip, and weight was a touchy subject with all of them. Two were slightly over their limits but counted on the two-hour car trip to help them shed a quarter of a pound. It worked, and everyone passed the scale test that afternoon. Hodge came closest to his limit. "No sense being any more than you have to," he said.

An hour before the matches, wrestling fans began filling the A&M field house. By match time there were 6,000 of them.

Coach Robertson called his team together in the dressing room. They sat on a rickety table in a neatly graduated, red-tiled room. "The Aggies," Robertson told them, "are no pushovers. Most have beat them early this season, but that was at home. This is Aggie country and that crowd out there expects to be helping them, not us. I want you to handle, understand? Be aggressive. You two aggressors and you handle you're going to beat the pants off them. . . . O.K. Now let's go out there and win."

There sat, indeed.

Oklahoma beat the Aggies in seven of eight bouts. The final score was OU 24, A&M 3, the worst the Aggies had ever been beaten in their paid wrestling history. The most impressive victory of the evening was Dan Hodge's.

THE DATE, INCREASING NOISE

When he stepped off his robe just before taking the mat, a hum of anticipation buzzed through the crowd, rather as if Mickey Mantle were walking toward the plate at Yankee Stadium. Then his opponent, Jimmy Harding, was introduced—a well-muscled youngster, but incoherent and excited, just perceptibly, to a tone of pitying sympathy. Then, as Dan stepped from his corner to shake hands with Harding, the characteristic crowd sound of wrestling began: a low, thrumming, increasing roar. By the time Dan made his first hug at Harding the sound was boiling.

Dan went for an arm first. He grabbed just above the elbow, with wrestler's intent. Harding pulled away from the danger. Again Hodge went for the arm and again Harding started to pull back,

but he had made his mistake. He had allowed his leg to get in too far and Dan snugged it below the knee. Harding's backward momentum tripped him and he went down. Dan on top and in control. Harding scrambled frantically to get fully down, to keep shoulders as far from the mat as possible. But Hodge was too strong. As Harding twisted, Dan moved with him, gained a clamping double grapevine with his legs, and began to apply constrictor pressure.

Now Harding was powerless from the waist down, and on his back. The double bar arm was easy; both of Harding's arms were forced up over his head in agonizing parallel, squeezed and held vertical—as the "finishment" hold of pro wrestling but a preliminary in Dan's book, to loosen. Then Dan increased the grapevine pressure. The muscles where shoulders make a V at the base of the neck bunched. His legs stiffened and he pushed down, down, down. All his strength was focused against the man beneath him, striving for the moment when a wordless surrender passes to him from his opponent—when resistance is gone and muscles relax.

Now the sequence of motion on the white square was very nearly complete. Harding's eyes bulged and he gasped for air like a man drowning. He resisted for only a second or so.

Then it was over and Dan Hodge stood in the middle of the white square, his arms raised in victory. It had taken 35 seconds.

Then came the congratulations. His wife Delores hugged him and beamed.

Two high school officials offered him coaching jobs which he refused.

"You're the greatest wrestler I ever saw," one of them said.

The small fry were solemn, awed. "Mr. Hodge, I'd just like to shake your hand," they said.

Hundreds more stared from the background. "Look at those arms. What a neck! Didja ever see a neck like that?" they said. They maneuvered in the crowd to get closer.

Dan lingered with the fans for 15 minutes, then showered and dressed. What would he do now, I wondered. Where would this hero hold court now?

Half an hour later we were in an ice cream parlor and I had my answer. Dan was waiting down a double portion of vanilla.

"What now?" I asked.
 "The Nationals in Pittsburgh."
 "Any special plans?"
 "No, just to win."

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SPALDING
 SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS

FOOTBALLS AWEIGH

Navy spring practice is conducted in a relaxed atmosphere on the banks of the Severn, but here the seeds are planted for fall

SPRINGING back from the banks of the Severn, where the river waters roll Chesapeake Bay, there is a plain which comes alive each spring, jolted from winter's lethargy by the third and shock of gaudied bodies contacting with sudden force and by the violent sounds of young men playing hard at football. This place is called The Flats. It is where the U.S. Naval Academy builds each spring for the coming football season. At Annapolis, as at most other colleges, football fortunes are formed during such pleasant spring rehearsals more than at any other time. So it is that gridiron tableaux such as those of the Navy's spring practice which appear on the next two pages are commonplace sights on most campuses during March and April (or even February in warmer climates). It is a time when coaches train their sharp eyes on raw material and weigh the potential of new prospects against the performance of last year's stars. It is a time when the rookie gets his chance to make the varsity and when veteran players learn that press clippings do not cover up missed tackles and sloppy blocking. It is a time of year when football teams are born.

Though spring practice generally is accepted as an integral part of modern college football, it has in the past come under attack from some lofty educational sources. The Ivy League, as a result of a joint decision by the presidents of the group, abolished spring football in 1961 on the ground that it lent too much emphasis to an already overemphasized sport. As Robert Hall, then director of athletics at Yale, put it at the time: "The decision to give up spring practice is a part of a long-range study of all out-of-season athletic schedules, the purpose of which is to adjust those schedules in the best interest of the players."

Now, six years later, the Ivy League is not so sure it was right. Some outspoken representatives of the eight-school group, including Bob Marzano, head coach at Dartmouth, believe there is a real need for spring practice.

"Football has now become a tremendously complicated game," he says. "Not only are there as many touchdowns, techniques and body skills involved as in any other sport, but also there is an amazing amount of mental work required in learning how to adapt each play to any one of a dozen different types of defense. It doesn't seem quite logical that in the Ivy League the men out for crew can work for nine months of the year, the men out for track run cross-country in the fall, indoor track in the winter and outdoor track in the spring while the most involved sport [football] is allowed the least amount of practice time."

Bud Wilkinson, one of the most successful coaches in U.S. college football with a 40-game winning streak now going at Oklahoma, points out that abolition of spring practice tends to encourage greater abuses in the college football program. He says: "The biggest problem in collegiate athletics is recruiting, not spring football. The more you limit spring practice, the more dependent schools become upon the gifted athlete, the high school boy who can already play the game well. Thus, by eliminating practice sessions in which the normal boy, by diligent effort, could learn to play almost as well as the gifted athlete, we add to the pressures of recruiting."

Edie Erdelatz, head coach at Annapolis, belongs to that 98% of the college football world which believes in spring practice. He devotes it to drilling, shaping his athletes in an atmosphere of relaxed hard work. He trains 120 midshipmen in the fundamentals of football, and if they find it a chore, the fact is cleverly concealed.

Each fair afternoon for 30 days during the spring the Midshipmen eagerly go to The Flats. The place reverberates with the war cry of Navy. It is a savage cry that begins with the snap of the ball, and it translates the effort of blocking and tackling into sound. All Navy players are taught this cry. It tightens their bellies, makes them less vulnerable. It also unites them. It makes them a team. These midshipmen play hard first of all because they know their performance now will decide whether they play at all later. But they also play hard because they think the game is fun and the atmosphere is enjoyable. Occasionally a small sailboat will come close by the breakwater and they will pause and gaze critically at her trim because they are sailors. And occasionally the shipper—Admiral William Swadberg, superintendent of the academy—will show up in a football parka and do a little friendly kibitzing. There is no pressure. These youngsters play for the exultation of having made a good, clean, hard tackle; for the thrill of breaking away for a long run or for the satisfaction of throwing a critical block. They are not there because they were told to be there, but because they want to play football.

Looking at them, Erdelatz says: "No one is denied the right to play football here. Why deny a football player the fun of the game? I don't have one boy on my squad who is told he has to come out. They come out because they love the game and want to play it in spring as well as fall."

—DUN PARKER



Spring colors the air as Navy Jayvacs and glazes work out on Hospital Point (above) and on Faragat Field (below). It is a time for casual, relaxed exercise as winter muscles slowly take on outdoor tones. In the background the Severn River lends the proper note of eddy motion.





Legs are heavy after the long isoff, and the varsity works perfectly under the eye of Commander John Drew (above center), the officer representative of football. Below the varsity listens very seriously as Coach Eddie Erdelatz lectures on the intricacies of football, Navy style.



THE CROP RIPENS

continued

was Angelo Cola, the Philadelphia halfback who astounded everyone at an AAU track meet last summer by winning the 100 in 9.3. The first time Cola saw The Citadel play he was on the team, playing in the game, the spoiler against Newberry. He ran 39 yards for one touchdown, caught a pass for another. Then, with the score tied and one minute to play, he ran a kickoff back 286 yards for the winning touchdown.

The play was called back because of clipping, but Cola definitely had established himself. He made the starting team in mid-season and finished up the year as the man to stop. Since then, however, there's been a shakeup in the coaching staff at The Citadel. Cola and 11 other freshmen and sophomores were left college along with the intense young the coach and personnel genius, Al Davis, who had said them on the school originally. None of the boys, all of whom were charged by General Mark Clark's school with disciplinary infractions, has yet entered another college. Cola said last week, "Military life was not for me. I'm going to go to college. I have schools in mind but I can't say now."

Of all the high school seniors, Paul Holloway, the solid, fully adjusted Philadelphia center, last spring seemed to know just just exactly what he wanted to do. He had offers from over 50 schools, but he planned to go to the University of Pennsylvania, take a business course, play in front of the home folks, then go into selling and, eventually, sales management. He made his future sound like a blueprint.

At Penn's request, Holloway did not play in the All-Star high school game, to which he had been invited. That was in August. But in September, there he was at Penn State. He was good, too. Bud Kohlhaas, the genial giant who'd been named most valuable player in the All-Star game, gave Holloway the supreme accolade: "He might've made me move over," Kohlhaas said.

After three weeks at Penn State, Holloway went home for the weekend. Monday morning he was attending classes at Temple University, in the city. As a freshman football player, he more than lived up to his reputation and Temple Coach Pete Stevens predicts he'll make a great college center. At Temple, Holloway gets tuition and one meal a day during the football season. He lives at home, buys his own

books. At Penn State he was on full scholarship, including laundry money. Why did he leave?

Holloway gave his answer carefully. He was sitting in the office of Allen Strier, the sports publicity director, and so was Strier. "Temple offers a course in both business and education," Holloway said. "It's about the only school that does. Penn State doesn't. That's why I left."

Last spring, when Holloway was as positive, Ted Dean, in nearby Bryn Mawr, had no idea where he'd go. He had frittered away a couple of years in high school and his grades were low.

From study to bid

But Dean studied hard his last year and graduated 48th in a class of 114. Not long after *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* revealed Dean's hitherto secret desire to play football in the Big Ten, Michigan State invited him to the campus. He was accepted for admission. On the way home Head Coach Duffy Daugherty rode with him part way in the plane.

But Michigan State is a big place and Dean is a shy, retiring boy off the football field. Wichita University, whose interest was also stimulated by the article, invited him to visit the campus. Dean liked Wichita. It was smaller and friendlier.

"He was big news, too," says Patrick Quinn, Wichita's sports publicist. "Pick up a newspaper, put on your radio, all you heard was how this Pennsylvania hot shot, featured in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, was right here in little old Wichita. There was a local high school player named Curtis McClinton, who we wanted bad. Trouble was, so did Nebraska and Kansas and Kansas State and Michigan State and Iowa and I don't know who else. One of our pitchers got him together with our new star from the East. McClinton is a swell kid, too, like Dean, and they hit it off right away. So McClinton came to Wichita. Can you beat that? We had your boy recruiting for us before he'd ever gone to class!"

Dean's having a little trouble in English (many a nonfootballer at Wichita is bothered by the same course) and may have to go to summer school. He's playing fullback for the new coach Chalmers (Weedy) Woodard. A knee injury in spring practice has kept him out of action, but the normally restrained Woodard, who is impressed with Dean both as a runner and kicker, says, "If he continues to improve as much as he has, we'll prob-

ably use him quite a bit as a sophomore." A major in physical education, Dean's other courses are health and history. "The cats back home aren't gonna believe this," he said, "but I got a class in square dancing!"

Another plus of major is Kohlhaas at Penn State. In addition to history, botany and English, Kohlhaas is taking a course in weight lifting to develop his shoulder—he's 6 feet even, weighs 228, and obviously needs this badly—and also a course in playground games.

"We all join hands and skip around in a circle," he says. "I bet I look as silly as I feel. But if we're going to direct these games later on, we've got to learn how to do them ourselves."

Kohlhaas, huge, easy-going and quiet, is also smart. After he made up his mind on Penn State, he never changed. He likes the campus, his classes, the food, his job, the coaches, and his classmates and fellow players. "This is where I belong," he explained.

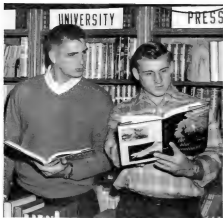
Penn State looks on Kohlhaas as one of their finest prospects in years. The freshman team played the Navy and Pitt freshmen and Ballou defeated and beat all three handily, and Kohlhaas is one good reason why. Excellent offensively and indestructible on defense, he may develop into one of the best centers Penn State ever had, according to Freshman Coach Earl Bruce.

Most fans all well reached in fundamentals to begin with, had little difficulty moving from high school to freshman football. It was only when a player had to learn a different system that he had trouble.

Francis J. Bohrowski, for instance, whom Coach Jim Tatum of North Carolina said he wanted as much as any other player in Pennsylvania, made his big reputation hanging quarterback around. At North Carolina, however, instead of crashing, the ends made the quarterback pitch out, thereby setting up the tackle for the outside linemen. Scrimmaging the variety one day, Bohrowski forgot and came roaring in on the quarterback, then remembered, hesitated, and wound up with the wrong foot forward. The quarterback, seeing these misplaced feet, quickly cut and ran right over him.

"It was pitiful," DeLoe said. "Another thing about this league, you make one little lapse, you're dead. One time I went in standing up too high. I caught it myself. 'Deane, Deane, you don't jerk!' I said, but it was too late. Pow! Bam! Blaccy! Oh, poor Deane."

Bohrowski gets \$15 a month for laundry, his mother occasionally sends



SCHOLARLY CONVERTS: Joe Maury and Adin Mangus, left and right, study in Indiana Library. On football scholarship, they have taken well to academic life under special plan.

him five more, and that is all he needs.

Most of the boys are on this type of scholarship, and all seem to make out all right. Only one, however, Paul Holloway, has as yet pledged a fraternity.

The other player who went south is Maury Guttman, the Charford quarterback. He's at Miami, and to hear his mother talk, he's got it made.

"He has a lovely apartment," says Mrs. Leo Guttman, who has practically taken up residence in Florida, "with bedroom, living room, kitchen, terrace, plenty of closet space, and fresh linen and towels every day. I saw him play against the Florida State freshmen. He passed for two touchdowns, and once he hid the ball and then ran 15 yards with it. Oh, it was cute to see! Maury's a tricky little guy at that football. I saw the varsity play the University of Christian Texans, too, you know who I mean, and Clemson. It gives me an excuse to go to Florida. I get in to see the game for nothing!

"The college magazine did an article on Maury. They called him the typical freshman," Mrs. Guttman continued. "They followed him all around, took his picture everywhere. Do you know something? He even sends me flowers in that apartment! Oh, this is good for

Maury. He never scrubbed anything but his car before. You know, Maury wouldn't go to Miami unless they gave him a four-year contract. A lot of the boys only have a one-year contract. That Maury! They really take care of these boys. They have two or three doctors, and nurses, too. And the food's good. I went right in there and ate with them, and I know. They brought 55 freshmen football players in, and they wanted all of them to stay, but 15 of them left."

Love that Gustafson

"That coach, that Mr. Gustafson, if you ever knew this man you would love him. His wife, she's a terrific woman, terrific. She comes to practice every day. After the freshmen game she stood there at the door of the bus and to every boy getting in she said, 'Are you all right, son?' and looked at him real closely to be sure he was telling the truth. You know, Maury is my only son, my only little boy, and sometimes I worry about him playing football, and going that far away, but now I'm a happy mother, believe me, a happy mother, knowing I can leave my son in the hands of people like that."

Another boy, in good hands is Eddie

Kostelnik, the fine end and brilliant student who got a \$1,500 scholarship and a \$500 job waiting tables at Princeton. They like Kostelnik at Princeton, and they protect him. Getting to see him requires three separate brain washings from the publicity man, the freshman coach, and the head coach, Charley Caldwell.

Kostelnik is taking physics, chemistry, calculus and analytical geometry, English literature and engineering drawing. No square dancing. He would like a little more time to study—he'd enjoy Shakespeare a little more if he could read each play over twice instead of just once, he thinks—but he doesn't have any real complaints.

"They are not teaching me anything that is not within my grasp," he explained.

Kostelnik played first string on the freshman team, and Coach Caldwell thinks he's going to make a fine varsity halfback, particularly in his junior and senior years. "We won't be able to bring Eddie along too fast," Caldwell said. "We don't have spring practice, you know, and Eddie is taking a heavy scholastic load. I don't think he'll make an All America football player, but I'll tell you this: he's going to make one hell of a fine engineer!"

Bill Pepp, the Steelton guard who is only 17 and is consequently taking a year at Merrensburg Academy before entering Penn State, is guarded even better than Kostelnik. The schools Merrensburg plays, and Merrensburg as well, are quick to criticize an opponent with too many postgraduate students on the team. There is, consequently, a reluctance to call attention to one.

"Bill Pepp," said Dr. Charles S. Tibbets, the headmaster, "is doing all right. You can take my word for it. He's a good boy and a substantial player."

The number of freshman players that a college brings in each year, and the use it makes of them, varies from college to college. There's Miami with 55, and North Carolina with almost that many. Navy brings in at least 75. Indiana is limited to 25—and uses that fact as a selling point to win over boys they hope to proselytize. ("With so few, we can give each one special attention," one official said.

But Pittsburgh, with the most murderous schedule of all, has only 17 freshman players on scholarship. Last year it had 19, the year before, 18.

At many schools the freshman team learns the plays of the team the varsity

continued

THE CROP RIPENS

continued

swore next, then runs there in serene manner during the week. "Last week," Mrs. Harrison said triumphantly, "my Maury was Y'U!" At Temple and Princeton, however, the freshmen do this one day only, without previous practice. And at Pittsburgh, again, where both Maury and freshman squads are small, they don't scrimmage each other, but among themselves.

Three of the boys interviewed last June wound up at Pittsburgh: Cro, Westwood and Andy Seps of Brownsville. They live cooly together with the other members of the freshman team in a small building behind the stadium. There's no school on Saturday, and they usually leave for the weekend on Friday.

Westwood is taking engineering and having no trouble there. In football, however, he suffered a charity bump which made him miss the Penn State game. Out of shape, and with his leg still bothering him, he played the entire game against the Navy phibes.

Cro also suffered a leg injury and, consequently, couldn't go at his top level most of the season. He's doing well in school work, except in history, and tutors are helping him over that bump. He's engaged to his high school sweetheart, and they hope to get married this summer; if it's o.k., with the coaching staff.

Seps went right down to the wire trying to decide between Pitt and Notre Dame. It was his future that finally swung him. He wants to be a dentist and now, at Pitt, he's already taking pre-dentistry courses. He hopes to be in the dental school in his fourth year at Pittsburgh.

A fullback in high school, Seps has been converted to halfback at Pitt. He's perfect for the heavy, powerful Pittsburgh type of offense.

"He runs with his knees high, and he's hard to tackle," said Keldman, who, as Penn State's linebacker, is in a good position to know.

Sprawling on his bed in his big, comfortable room the other day, a picture of his girl looking down on him from the dresser, she's only in her arms. Seps gave a big sigh of happiness. "I think that all my life I'll still believe that coming here to Pittsburgh was the greatest thing that ever happened to me," he said.

Another high school fullback, John Morgan, a pig-iron-hard boy who was looking for a home, said last spring that he was going south to school and he

wasn't ever coming back, either. He chose Kentucky.

Kentucky got him a summer job in a steel mill. But then came the steel strike. Two only jobs could get didn't pay much more than room and board. Disgusted, John came back home. John's grades were low, and he couldn't get into many schools. But his high school coach got in touch with Indiana, and Indiana took a chance.

And then a wonderful thing happened. It seems that back in 1942 the University of Indiana chose to make a decision. A state school, it was forced to admit all graduates of Indiana high schools, no matter where they stood in the class. Some state schools, faced with this dilemma, have lowered their standards. Others have admitted these students, only to cold-bloodedly flunk them out at the first opportunity. Indiana, however, decided to maintain its standards while at the same time trying to help these students to stay in school. Two features of the resulting program are a large staff of counselors, each of whom has only a few students but a large amount of interest and an elaborate indoctrination period which almost getting freshmen started off right. This was the setup that Morgan looked into. Add in to free money in the dorms and the big Jayhawk game, and the first thing Morgan knew he'd found a home at Indiana. He has been doing good work in his classes and was picked by his fellow freshmen to play



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WHY WHIRLWIND? Ted Dean is expected to see plenty of action as a Whitehall back.

as the 1956 team's outstanding back.

Another new Headier, Jim Staley, had started high school with neither the intention nor the desire to go to college. Study? That's for the birds. But as he became better at football, and as the possibility of playing professionally, or of coaching, occurred to him, he began to see some point in higher education. In other words, you have to go to college in order to play college football.

Staley's high school coach, Ken Karl, went to Indiana as backfield coach, and Jim went with him.

Karl left after a complete change in the coaching staff and for a while Staley appeared to want to leave too. But he expects to be joined by his wife (between semesters he married his high school sweetheart, Marilyn Affrica) and apparently will leave the men's quadrangle and live off campus.

During the summer Staley had a job in a pairs factory. Each night he'd move about a hundred 500-pound barrels from the warehouse out to the loading ramp. "It was easy," he commented. "Surestest was heppa!" me. And so, after such a lazy summer, Staley reported in a little overweight, at 240 pounds.

Like Meegan, Jim Staley also went through the indoctrination program. He found out that the football players who were good students, like Paul Borsha, Indiana's star end, received extra respect. He took a course in how to study. "You learn that if you got an hour right now, but you got everything all studied up for tomorrow, it won't hurt you to study something for the day after tomorrow. Don't wait until the last minute. Grrm a lot, you don't learn nothin'. Anyway, I'm not studyin' just to stay in college and play football. I've begun liking the stuff!"

The oddest thing of all is that Staley and Meegan played less football as freshmen than any of the other boys. Staley was amazed to learn that other freshmen scrimmage the varsity regularly and play official games.

"I'd think it would take their mind off their school work," he said. And he was dead serious, too.

Of all these boys, only four, at most, would have been financially able to go to college. Thanks entirely to football all—except Bill Popp, of course—have now been exposed to higher learning, and, far from abusing the privilege, they've proven capable of absorbing it. The colleges they attend are indeed getting their money's worth, not just in beef and football players, but in students and citizens. (E.E.E.)

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Following this, the author discusses the impact of the Internet on the music industry. The author argues that the Internet has created a new market for music, one that is not subject to the same restrictions as the traditional market. The author also discusses the impact of the Internet on the music industry's revenue. The author argues that the Internet has led to a decline in the music industry's revenue, as more people are downloading music for free. The author also discusses the impact of the Internet on the music industry's marketing. The author argues that the Internet has led to a decline in the music industry's marketing, as more people are using the Internet to discover new music.

AT AUCTION

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Tallahassee Yacht Club - Panama, Fla.

*MON.
APRIL 15
1984[illegible][illegible][illegible]

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 Springer

2000

FORBES PLACING THE DEERY WINDMILL

Clear

Interesting comment, Wilman. Yesterday on the meaning of the Hawaiian States. But I think he was not entirely right when he said that "last week's Hawaiian episode of Hawaii is concerned the New Britain and the British, namely, meaning the British. And I'll tell you why."

In the Northridge quake, once the floodings, Bold Duke took the lead and made the most of the race. He was the fastest of the gate, when the gates opened, and he showed no sign of tiring. Nevertheless, for Duke, not as a rule as quick as the start, was not a good and powerful as the 5th. True, fine. Duke had a 12-pound pull in the eighth but against the other four, he was not a pull.

In the *Flamingo* Stakes, *Academy* was an almost identical race, also at a mile-and-an-eight. Both carried the same weight. Both, *Academy*, running behind *Polka*. *Academy*, the only colt, *Academy* was the only colt at the far corner when they hit the stretch gate. *Academy* was too long in the corner. From there to the finish, *Academy* made no mistake, leading by a neck or a head.

The point I want to make is that Gen. Duke gave Bobb Butler a head start in the stretch in both races. He beat him in one, and came mighty near doing it in the other.

It looks very much as if that extra eighth of a mile in the Kentucky Derby is going to be the deciding factor. General Duke may not win the race, but my opinion is that he will beat Bobb Butler.

KEVIN R. TS'AO

San Antonio

POSTED BY: [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

Sensory

With the baseball season almost here and spring practices in full swing, it is no doubt that you are in need of a Hot State League. Let us start the ball rolling by telling you another hotball story. To top the ones you have recently told in E & D (E, Jan. 28), I am sure your Herman Hickman will use this one next summer season.

The great Glenn Davis, after an outstanding college and professional career in the U.S., crossed the border into Canada. He became a rough and standout quarterback for the Saskatchewan Rough Riders and was afterwards known in every prairie town as "The Badger."

[illegible]

In those days, the Fall was signalled by firing a gun. When the terrible first half was up and the gun boomed out in the same stiff tone, a stricken peal of wailing cried out in anguish. "My God, The Babbler shot himself!"

ANDREW T. HIXSON, M.D.

Silver, David

FOOTBALL HOT STOVE: SPECIALIZATION

Jim:

Here's one recently told by George M. Leader, governor of Pennsylvania, to emphasize his point that this is an age of specialization. A sports reporter boarded the train carrying the Notre Dame team down to the Southern Methodist game. Trying to work up a new slant to his color story, this sportswriter got hold of the student manager.

"I understand," he said, "that you carry a chaplain to pray for the team."

"That's right," the student manager replied.

"Well," said the writer, "how about introducing him to me?"

"Glad to," was the reply. "Which one do you want, the offensive or defensive chaplain?"

Don Catlett

Chicago

FOOTBALL HOT STOVE: OFF DAY

Jim:

No doubt you have heard this one, but I think it's funny. With Ewbank's Baltimore Colts were playing San Francisco, and fumbled on their opponent's one-yard line. Moments later a San Francisco back ran a punt back for a touchdown down the sideline, right in front of the Baltimore bench, where Coach Ewbank was sitting glumly. After the punt did drive Kirkland, a fan yelling at him, "What kind of coach are you anyhow? You let them fumble on the one, and when they run the punt back, right in front of you, you miss the tackle!"

Jack Aronson

New York

TRACK & FIELD: THE WOMEN (CONT.)

Jim:

How interested I was to read Jean Spivey's letter concerning the lack of encouragement given to women's track and field sports in America (10th Issue, March 4). When I recently emigrated to Canada from England I was prepared to find this sport less popular, but not complete lethargy (read it).

As a British national standard runner and hurdler, and a keen track coach, my interest is obvious, but, believe me, I am not a masochist fanatic to the exclusion of other sports. Being a professional physical education teacher, I have made many opportunities (readable here, and sincerely welcome) with them over their golf and basketball games, tennis, skating and swimming, and spectator sports of baseball, hockey and football.

But is there any excuse for not knowing the name of one track or field representative sent to the Olympic Games from so vast and sporting a country?

I believe the States has the answer with its indoor meets. They are much more appreciated in Britain. I wonder if women's events are ever put on the program.

May I say how I enjoy SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. I have never before come across a magazine offering such hard information and reports.

Joan Walker

Quebec

• The AAU's National Indoor Senior Women's Track and Field Championships will take place on April 6 at the Cleveland Arena—ED.

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2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 2681, 2682, 2683, 2684, 2685, 2686, 2687, 2688, 2689, 2690, 2691, 2692, 2693, 2694, 2695, 2696, 2697, 2698, 2699, 2700, 2701, 2702, 2703, 2704, 2705, 2706, 2707, 2708, 2709, 2710, 2711, 2712, 2713, 2714, 2715, 2716, 2717, 2718, 2719, 2720, 2721, 2722, 2723, 2724, 2725, 2726, 2727, 2728, 2729, 2730, 2731, 2732, 2733, 2734, 2735, 2736, 2737, 2738, 2739, 2740, 2741, 2742, 2743, 2744, 2745, 2746, 2747, 2748, 2749, 2750, 2751, 2752, 2753, 2754, 2755, 2756, 2757, 2758, 2759, 2760, 2761, 2762, 2763, 2764, 2765, 2766, 2767, 2768, 2769, 2770, 2771, 2772, 2773, 2774, 2775, 2776, 2777, 2778, 2779, 2780, 2781, 2782, 2783, 2784, 2785, 2786, 2787, 2788, 2789, 2790, 2791, 2792, 2793, 2794, 2795, 2796, 2797, 2798, 2799, 2800, 2801, 2802, 2803, 2804, 2805, 2806, 2807, 2808, 2809, 2810, 2811, 2812, 2813, 2814, 2815, 2816, 2817, 2818, 2819, 2820, 2821, 2822, 2823, 2824, 2825, 2826, 2827, 2828, 2829, 2830, 2831, 2832, 2833, 2834, 2835, 2836, 2837, 2838, 2839, 2840, 2841, 2842, 2843, 2844, 2845, 2846, 2847, 2848, 2849, 2850, 2851, 2852, 2853, 2854, 2855, 2856, 2857, 2858, 2859, 2860, 2861, 2862, 2863, 2864, 2865, 2866, 2867, 2868, 2869, 2870, 2871, 2872, 2873, 2874, 2875, 2876, 2877, 2878, 2879, 2880, 2881, 2882, 2883, 2884, 2885, 2886, 2887, 2888, 2889, 2890, 2891, 2892, 2893, 2894, 2895, 2896, 2897, 2898, 2899, 2900, 2901, 2902, 2903, 2904, 2905, 2906, 2907, 2908, 2909, 2910, 2911, 2912, 2913, 2914, 2915, 2916, 2917, 2918, 2919, 2920, 2921, 2922, 2923, 2924, 2925, 2926, 2927, 2928, 2929, 2930, 2931, 2932, 2933, 2934, 2935, 2936, 2937, 2938, 2939, 2940, 2941, 2942, 2943, 2944, 2945, 2946, 2947, 2948, 2949, 2950, 2951, 2952, 2953, 2954, 2955, 2956, 2957, 2958, 2959, 2960, 2961, 2962, 2963, 2964, 2965, 2966, 2967, 2968, 2969, 2970, 2971, 2972, 2973, 2974, 2975, 2976, 2977, 2978, 2979, 2980, 2981, 2982, 2983, 2984, 2985, 2986, 2987, 2988, 2989, 2990, 2991, 2992, 2993, 2994, 2995, 2996, 2997, 2998, 2999, 3000, 3001, 3002, 3003, 3004, 3005, 3006, 3007, 3008, 3009, 3010, 3011, 3012, 3013, 3014, 3015, 3016, 3017, 3018, 3019, 3020, 3021, 3022, 3023, 3024, 3025, 3026, 3027, 3028, 3029, 3030, 3031, 3032, 3033, 3034, 3035, 3036, 3037, 3038, 3039, 3040, 3041, 3042, 3043, 3044, 3045, 3046, 3047, 3048, 3049, 3050, 3051, 3052, 3053, 3054, 3055, 3056, 3057, 3058, 3059, 3060, 3061, 3062, 3063, 3064, 3065, 3066, 3067, 3068, 3069, 3070, 3071, 3072, 3073, 3074, 3075, 3076, 3077, 3078, 3079, 3080, 3081, 3082, 3083, 3084, 3085, 3086, 3087, 3088, 3089, 3090, 3091, 3092, 3093, 3094, 3095, 3096, 3097, 3098, 3099, 3100, 3101, 3102, 3103, 3104, 3105, 3106, 3107, 3108, 3109, 3110, 3111, 3112, 3113, 3114, 3115, 3116, 3117, 3118, 3119, 3120, 3121, 3122, 3123, 3124, 3125, 3126, 3127, 3128, 3129, 3130, 3131, 3132, 3133, 3134, 3135, 3136, 3137, 3138, 3139, 3140, 3141, 3142, 3143, 3144, 3145, 3146, 3147, 3148, 3149, 3150, 3151, 3152, 3153, 3154, 3155, 3156, 3157, 3158, 3159, 3160, 3161, 3162, 3163, 3164, 3165, 3166, 3167, 3168, 3169, 3170, 3171, 3172, 3173, 3174, 3175, 3176, 3177, 3178, 3179, 3180, 3181, 3182, 3183, 3184, 3185, 3186, 3187, 3188, 3189, 3190, 3191, 3192, 3193, 3194, 3195, 3196, 3197, 3198, 3199, 3200, 3201, 3202, 3203, 3204, 3205, 3206, 3207, 3208, 3209, 3210, 3211, 3212, 3213, 3214, 3215, 3216, 3217, 3218, 3219, 3220, 3221, 3222, 3223, 3224, 3225, 3226, 3227, 3228, 3229, 3230, 3231, 3232, 3233, 3234, 3235, 3236, 3237, 3238, 3239, 3240, 3241, 3242, 3243, 3244, 3245, 3246, 3247, 3248, 3249, 3250, 3251, 3252, 3253, 3254, 3255, 3256, 3257, 3258, 3259, 3260, 3261, 3262, 3263, 3264, 3265, 3266, 3267, 3268, 3269, 3270, 3271, 3272, 3273, 3274, 3275, 3276, 3277, 3278, 3279, 3280, 3281, 3282, 3283, 3284, 3285, 3286, 3287, 3288, 3289, 3290, 3291, 3292, 3293, 3294, 3295, 3296, 3297, 3298, 3299, 3300, 3301, 3302, 3303, 3304, 3305, 3306, 3307, 3308, 3309, 3310, 3311, 3312, 3313, 3314, 3315, 3316, 3317, 3318, 3319, 3320, 3321, 3322, 3323, 3324, 3325, 3326, 3327, 3328, 3329, 3330, 3331, 3332, 3333, 3334, 3335, 3336, 3337, 3338, 3339, 3340, 3341, 3342, 3343, 3344, 3345, 3346, 3347, 3348, 3349, 3350, 3351, 3352, 3353, 3354, 3355, 3356, 3357, 3358, 3359, 3360, 3361, 3362, 3363, 3364, 3365, 3366, 3367, 3368, 3369, 3370, 3371, 3372, 3373, 3374, 3375, 3376, 3377, 3378, 3379, 3380, 3381, 3382, 3383, 3384, 3385, 3386, 3387, 3388, 3389, 3390, 3391, 3392, 3393, 3394, 3395, 3396, 3397, 3398, 3399, 3400, 3401, 3402, 3403, 3404, 3405, 3406, 3407, 3408, 3409, 3410, 3411, 3412, 3413, 3414, 3415, 3416, 3417, 3418, 3419, 3420, 3421, 3422, 3423, 3424, 3425, 3426, 3427, 3428, 3429, 3430, 3431, 3432, 3433, 3434, 3435, 3436, 3437, 3438, 3439, 3440, 3441, 3442, 3443, 3444, 3445, 3446, 3447, 3448, 3449, 3450, 3451, 3452, 3453, 3454, 3455, 3456, 3457, 3458, 3459, 3460, 3461, 3462, 3463, 3464, 3465, 3466, 3467, 3468, 3469, 3470, 3471, 3472, 3473, 3474, 3475, 3476, 3477, 3478, 3479, 3480, 3481, 3482, 3483, 3484, 3485, 3486, 3487, 3488, 3489, 3490, 3491, 3492, 3493, 3494, 3495, 3496, 3497, 3498, 3499, 3500, 3501, 3502, 3503, 3504, 3505, 3506, 3507, 3508, 3509, 3510, 3511, 3512, 3513, 3514, 3515, 3516, 3517, 3518, 3519, 3520, 3521, 3522, 3523, 3524, 3525, 3526, 3527, 3528, 3529, 3530, 3531, 3532, 3533, 3534, 3535, 3536, 3537, 3538, 3539, 3540, 3541, 3542, 3543,

PAT ON THE BACK



SHERMAN ADAMS

To this former north woods logging boss with the fiery character of a New Hampshire rock pasture, the woods and hills of his cherished New England have meant lifelong solace from the abrasive responsibilities of, successively, Congressman, governor and now Assistant to the President of the U. S. The governor, shown here with his son Sam, is a fine skier, a skater, a snow-shoer of skill and endurance and the man recorded in the annals of Dartmouth's undergraduate Outing Club as having once logged 4141 $\frac{1}{2}$ hiking miles in one year.



HUGH MEADE ALCORN JR.

To mark Meade Alcorn's recent election as the Republicans' new national chairman, his Suffield, Connecticut neighbors presented him not with the traditional engraved silver tray, but with two six and a half foot fly and spinning rods. Alcorn, another Dartmouth boy (who left with a Phi Beta Kappa key and several track records), has fished and fished since high school, seldom makes a business trip or attends a party convention without bringing his fishing tackle and spends as much time as possible walking the woods with his bird dogs. Boys and like, 191 his colleague in Washington, Alcorn observes: "The ones who stand the gaff beat down there are the ones who get out and get some exercise."

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